

THE VICTORY OF LOVE

C.C.COTTERILL

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The Victory of Love

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Human Justice for Those at the Bottom : An Appeal to Those at the Top.

"If any one thing could make Mr. Cotterill's own dream real, it would be the general diffusion through all classes of his own spirit of sincerity and of belief in human nature."

Morning Post.

"The eloquence of sincerity makes it impossible not to sympathise deeply with the spirit of this book. . . . The fervour with which Mr. Cotterill sets forth his case should awaken the social conscience of not a few."—*Tribune*.

"We think the book thoroughly deserves to be read. It is well, temperately and sincerely written ; it is interesting ; and the author understands 'those at the top' as well as 'those at the bottom.'"—*World's Work and Play*.

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"The author is well equipped for his task ; he has not only zeal for his cause, but he is possessed of no less valuable qualities of common sense and sound knowledge. . . . This book is one to be read, and no one reading it can fail to be stimulated and interested."—*The Commonwealth*.

"It displays a plan which will appeal to all men of all creeds and parties, and a spirit of love and an earnest faith in human goodness that are too rare in many of our modern reformers."—*Cambridge Review*.

"He is aflame about the unfairness, the injustice, of the condition of the very poor. He believes that if the upper classes fully realised it they would be impelled to remedy it, and that if they were impelled they could do it."

Hibbert Journal.

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The Victory of Love

By

C. C. Cotterill

Author of "Suggested Reforms in Public Schools"
and "Human Justice for Those at the Bottom : An Appeal
to Those at the Top"

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PREFACE

I HAVE worked at this small book for several years, and its subject has occupied my thoughts for a great many. It satisfies me very little, but I don't know that I could make it better, and I am sure that I could make it worse by spending more time over it.

As my object is the increasing among us of fellowship and love, the test of the value of what I have written is very simple. Just in so far as it helps to increase fellowship and love, will it be successful; just in so far as it does not, will it fail. This is the only test I should wish to be applied to it.

C. C. C.

FIELDSTIDE, MEADS, EASTBOURNE,

September 1910.

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The Victory of Love

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

WHAT love is and does, might be and might do, is the subject of this small book. But I wish to state at the beginning what I mean by the word love when used in the special sense of brotherly love, love for one another.

Strange, even impossible, as it might seem, it nevertheless is an undoubted fact that for some people the words mean to-day something weak, soft, vague, flabby, or—to use the expression of one correspondent—namby-pamby. Quite recently one of a series of articles written in a weekly journal under the general title of “The Future of Britain” ended as follows: “The bleat of brotherly love . . . will be swept away in the purification of fire.” The bleat—a very byword for what is soft, harmless, impotent. The words, mixed metaphors and all, may stand as a useful example of the confused thought and language on this subject not unusual among some people to-day. For them brotherly love is a bleat, a soft, blethering utterance, taken up by flabby people

and passed on from mouth to mouth, as we see it and hear it in a flock of innocent sheep. So I will say at once what I mean by brotherly love.

“We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren”—that is what I mean.

“Fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell. Fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death”—that is what I mean.

Whether it is the apostle of love, as we call him, in the first century, or the apostle of fellowship, the craftsman, tradesman, preacher, prophet, artist, singer, the very type and essence of manliness—for William Morris was all these—in the nineteenth century, the meaning is the same, and it is my meaning. Call it by what name or names we may—brotherly love, social love, fellowship, goodwill, friendliness, neighbourliness, comradeship, kindness, sympathy, or simply and solely love—it is the only sound basis and the only resistless inspiration of every great social and political effort to-day, as it must be also the starting point and essence of all true religion. Once we get, as individuals and as a nation, brotherly love, and we have then got, or are in the way to get, everything worth getting. Until we have got it, we have got next to nothing worth getting. It is the only thing left now for us to turn to as the starting point and motive power of all that is great. Courage, manliness, peace, beauty, happiness, health, truth, progress, joy—these are possible in the future according as we love one another, according as we get brotherly love. To have it is life, not to have it is death. This is what I mean when I use the words, this

and nothing less than this. Whether I am mistaken in my belief is not to the point. Call it by what name we may, the thing does for me penetrate into everything that is most inspiring and most dear to me, and that makes life most worth living.

I believe absolutely that if we were as members of a community more friendly and loving to one another, if we had more brotherly love, everything else most worth attaining by man would then follow, and in proportion to the quality and the range of our love—*but on no other condition*.

I will give one practical application of this statement. There is, I think, no doubt that we are to-day, on the whole, an unhappy people. Anything approaching a complete investigation of the causes of this unhappiness is, of course, impossible here. They are numerous, and some of them are complicated and obscure. The mere mention of the most striking will be sufficient for my purpose now: The war of industrial and commercial competition; the sense of insecurity regarding an adequate livelihood which haunts most members of the community; the sense of injustice at the superfluities and self-indulgence of the well-to-do and the poverty and privations of the poor; the making physical excitement and material comfort the chief end of human existence; the withdrawal of the old Christian theology and religion with its hopes, consolations, outlook, beliefs, and faith; selfishness; fear; and last, the scarcity among us of a free and general friendliness and neighbourliness careless of class or calling or any such unhuman conventions.

These are merely examples of the causes of our present unhappiness. They are sufficient for our purpose now for this reason, that if they are removed we shall be a happy people, and that if they are not removed we shall continue unhappy. With reference to these particular causes, as well as to the whole condition of our joylessness, I must limit myself to some very brief comments upon it all, and a statement of the only possible remedy.

In the first place, the most unhappy portion of the nation is the rich portion of it. The rich have to-day to a great extent lost the habit of a youthful and careless happiness and joy. They hardly know what it is to be young and to be simply, naturally, merrily happy.* Year by year I am more and more struck with the gloom and solemnity of well-to-do people who have passed the age of early youth—and even this age is often preternaturally old—and have no springs of any other kind of youth within them.

There is one comment to be made upon this—the gloom is creditable to them. It is a clear evidence that they are not satisfied with themselves, that their human natures are—though often only half-consciously—in revolt against the lives they are leading. They are, that is, still fundamentally sound. The fact of their soundness is proved by the fact of the dissatisfaction felt by the great majority of them with their lives and circumstances as contrasted with the lives and circumstances of so many of their fellow-countrymen.

* Mr. Andrew Carnegie tells us that “millionaires who laugh are rare.”

It is to a great extent this uneasiness of mind (whether they are conscious of it or not) that robs them of their happiness and their joy. The remedy lies in their own hands—the doing of a deed of justice and humanity. Only in this way can they ever again know joy. What are they not losing, and what is the nation not losing by their inaction? What should we not all gain if they took such action as, if they did but know it, their uneasiness and their joylessness are bidding them take?

But the unhappiness is not confined to the well-to-do. Speaking generally, the nation as a whole is afflicted with the same disease of gloom. It takes different forms, but it is there. I will mention now only one.

I know no more moving sight than the sadness that settles sometimes upon the face, and most notably upon the eyes, of a typical working-man when his face is in repose and he is left alone to his thoughts and is unconscious of his surroundings. Nor is this sadness confined to one class only or one condition of life. It is to be seen everywhere. I am not so foolish as to assert that it is to be traced always to one cause or to any combination of causes known to the outsider. But I do assert confidently, first, that the causes of this noble sadness, and of most of the unhappiness and gloom that characterise us as a nation, will usually be found to be one or other of those mentioned above; and, second, that for *all* our national and individual unhappiness there is in almost all cases an immense alleviation, and in many cases a complete cure, lying ready to our hands, and

forming the only effectual remedy for us to-day or in the days to come. And this remedy is more friendliness, sociableness, neighbourliness, kindness, sympathy—more brotherly love. This at any rate is my absolute and unvarying belief. This belief, in close conjunction with another—*that the time is now at last, now for the first time in the countless ages of the life of man, ripe for the realisation of the vision of brotherly love*—is the sole foundation of my hopes for man's future.

And this leads naturally to something else I want to say here. I have been told I am too much of an optimist. I was told it over and over again by critics, whether pressmen or friends, in their remarks upon a book I published lately on a kindred subject to this,* and I have been told it by some of those who have read portions of this book before it was published.

It has occurred to me that it may be useful if at the outset I state what my optimism is based upon. It is based upon certain beliefs the gist of which can be given briefly. Having given them, I will leave the reader to decide whether or no they seem reasonable. If they do, then I hope that, if here and there in the book there seem at first sight to be passages inconsistent with these beliefs, the fault may be due to some want of skill in my use of words, or to some misunderstanding on the part of my readers, or to a combination of these. Anyhow, it is clearly important to deal with the matter, for though I am not concerned now with the question whether an ignorant

* *Human Justice for Those at the Bottom: An Appeal to Those at the Top*. Second Edition. London, Smith Elder and Co. 1908.

optimism or an ignorant pessimism is the more mischievous—the face that is over broad or over long—I am quite sure of the mischievousness of such an optimism.

I believe, then, that the best that mankind is capable of will one day prevail in the world, and that, under certain quite possible conditions, it might prevail there soon. But it may be said that, even granting this, it doesn't necessarily mean much; for the best may not, after all, be worth much. Then I have to add that for me the best is simply love. That is, I believe that love will one day prevail in the world and might prevail there soon. As to how much this would mean to the world I shall say nothing now, for with this and with the grounds of my beliefs I deal later on. But in so far as it touches myself I will say this: If I did not believe it, and if I was not trying to do what I could to help to bring it about, I should not care to live, there would not be a particle of joy in life for me. On the other hand, just in so far as the belief is vivid for me, and in so far as I seem to be helping to bring it about, is my life worth living, is it filled with joy and zest and beauty and hope, and I am young.

These are my beliefs, this is my optimism. I believe not only that brotherly love will one day prevail in the world, but further, that the time is now ripe for its prevalence. So far as I can tell, most persons who have thought about the subject believe that love will one day prevail in the world, but very few seem to believe that the time is now ripe for its prevalence. In this belief I seem to differ from almost all my critics and

from most others who, in one way or another, have uttered themselves on the subject. It is, indeed, this difference which largely accounts for what seems to others to make my optimism so unreasonable—this, and another of a like kind, which, in order to make my position perfectly clear, I will now state.

There has, I suppose, never been a period in the history of humanity when there has been, all over the world, so much unrest, so much dissatisfaction with, so much rebellion against things as they are, so many and such various remedies proposed, as is the case to-day. To limit myself for a moment to this country alone, the subject is, in some form or another, brought before the people in print or in speech ceaselessly, and in constantly increasing quantity and urgency. Journalists of every kind, novelists, playwrights, poets, scientists, philosophers, theologians, the advocates alike of the old theologies and religions or the new—over and over again in all these the note is sounded of this unrest and dissatisfaction and revolt; and yet, with not a few very notable exceptions, the only possible remedy, the remedy which alone can *satisfy* us, give us unity, peace, health, insight, inspiration, courage, strength, joy—the remedy of love—is left unnoticed, or is mentioned only along with other remedies as a great or even the greatest ideal, but as an ideal the realisation of which is hardly to be looked for at present. And yet for me it is as clear as the noonday sun which is shining above me as I write that the remedy is perfectly simple and perfectly practicable. All that is needed is that we should be kind and

affectionate to one another, and this we could certainly do if we set ourselves to do it. In these last twelve words lies the root of all my hopes for the world. But shall we set ourselves to do it? Well, that is the point at issue. On the whole, I believe we shall. On the whole, therefore—for it is with this I am now concerned—I am full of hopes for England. But I do not deny that there is another side, the side of fears. I have in a final chapter endeavoured to balance hopes and fears, and have stated the result.

To have a confident belief that love will one day prevail in the world, and that under certain quite possible conditions it might prevail soon—this in itself is an inexpressible joy and an irresistible incentive to action. This small volume is published in the hope that it may further this belief.

CHAPTER II

THE DEARTH OF LOVE

MY purpose in writing is wholly practical—the increasing among us of individual and social love, and the hastening of the day of its final victory.

For more years than I can remember I have been filled with a great wonder. I have wondered that, as individuals and as members of a community, we do not love one another more. I have wondered at the dearth of love. The thought has weighed upon me heavily. And the weight has been the heavier because I could find no sufficient explanation of this dearth, and therefore no hope. One explanation, indeed, was always forthcoming. The fault, I was told, lay in the very constitution of human nature itself; it was mere folly to bewail it, mere quixotism ever to expect it to be otherwise, that human nature was human nature, and the only thing to do was to recognise this and to make the best of it. The mystery remained unsolved, but I was always sure that the solution of it would not be found there. And as I had no sufficient explanation to offer, the wonder and the weight remained.

How could it be otherwise? For I saw before me a people in whose hearts I knew there lay potentialities of a deep and vast love, with all the blessings that come from the possession of it.

And yet, for some cruel and still inexplicable reason, the people are balked of their due, and the joy of their life is low.

All this being so, I had for the time to be mainly silent. For though I knew that the only explanation offered was false, I yet had nothing that satisfied me to put in its place. Now and then, it is true, I said to myself, and said sometimes to a friend, that we must be afflicted with a kind of madness in thus refusing to accept and enjoy the precious gift that lay to our hands to take, nay, lay within our hearts, was the very essence of our life and of our being. But such an explanation was of course not serious, and was never intended to satisfy either myself or anyone else. And so the years went on. The thing was hardly ever absent from my thoughts—love, the beauty and blessedness of it, and the dearth of it among us, and my helplessness to understand this and therefore to offer any remedy.

But circumstances changed, and I had now more leisure—leisure to read, observe, listen, meditate, and write—and much of this leisure was given to this subject.

Always, I think, I had in my hopelessness some hope. It was a kind of instinct, a premonitory intuition, that supplied me with this. As time went on, the results of my observation and reflection continued always more and more to increase my belief in the essential goodness of human nature, and in the infinite greatness of love. At last the problem seemed to be nearer a solution, and I seemed to see the main causes of this dearth of love, and many of the obstacles

to its supremacy became clear. And since in almost every case these obstacles had been erected by man, that is, were not natural, not an inherent element in human nature, so I believed they were removable by man. And with the complete realisation of this belief there came something more than hope, there came something approaching to a certainty that some solution to what had seemed insoluble might be at hand.

It seemed to me that the great, leading, elementary hindrances to the prevalence among us of brotherly love being recognised and shown to be largely removable by our own action, it was not inconsistent with a reasonable optimism to hope that, in one way or another, such action might be taken as would lead to the removal of the hindrances, and the consequent victory of love. For the more I dwelt upon the subject, the more clearly did I see that the various hindrances to the victory of love could be traced almost entirely to a few great fundamental causes, and this greatly simplified the whole thing and added immensely to its interest.

There are, indeed, many other causes which hinder the victory of love,* and to some of these attention will be called as we proceed, but I believe that the great root causes are these three:

We do not sufficiently realise the nature and effects of love, what love is and does, might be and might do, will be and will do.

We do not believe in the ultimate victory of love; or if we do, the date of its arrival is for

* Many of these hindrances are identical with the hindrances to the prevalence of justice, and have been dealt with in *Human Justice*.

us so indefinitely deferred that the belief leaves us cold, does not force us to effective action.

We do not know how to set about increasing our love for one another.

The truth is, if we could once come to see what love really is, what is its strength, range, beauty, how life is worth living precisely according to the amount of love there is in it; if, further, we came to see that love must one day be victorious in the world, and might under certain conditions be victorious at no distant day, the victory would be as good as won. For the impulse to make love victorious would be tremendous, and the resolution of a community thus impelled would of necessity overthrow everything that hindered and delayed the victory.

CHAPTER III

WHAT LOVE IS AND DOES

THE subject of the nature and effects of love is infinite. To help towards a realisation of this is to forward much that is greatest and most joyful in life, and deepest and widest in thought and imagination. It is also to do something that has an immediate practical result—the increasing of love and the hastening of the day of its supremacy.

What now follows is the minimum necessary to trace the outlines of the subject as they present themselves to me. I have written little more than what seemed necessary to prevent possible misunderstanding in the use of words.

The destiny of man is the developing and the perfecting of his love and the final victory of it in the world. This fact is doubly proved. First, it has been in this direction that human progress, the evolution of man, has proceeded. Further, nothing but this will satisfy man, but this will. It is of course possible for man to resist his destiny, and thus to retard his progress and defer the time when love shall prevail. Or he may further his destiny, and so hasten the day of love's victory. Both these processes have been at work from the beginning of man's history, and are at work to-day.

One of the means by which the victory of

love may be hastened is the realisation of what love is and what it will be. The aim of what now follows is to assist this realisation.

I will first state in what sense I use the word love.

Love is the essence of spiritual life. It is the essential basis of everything greatest produced or producible by man, the essential element in the greatest products of man's genius. It is that entity, the mysterious presence of which, above and beyond all material phenomena, has haunted seers and thinkers ever since men began to see and to think. No matter what may have separated them in their speculations and beliefs, they are at one in believing that there is something, some entity—no matter how named—that exists somehow and somewhere beyond all physical phenomena. It is, for example, the "Ruling Principle" of Marcus Aurelius; the "Spirit of Beauty" of Shelley; the "Absolute Force," which is the "Unknown Reality," of Herbert Spencer; the "Eternal Power not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," of Matthew Arnold.

All such expressions—and they are countless—by which men have sought to give a name to that something without us and within us which reason and intuition combine to tell us does exist somewhere and somehow as the great reality behind all phenomena, are comprehended in one single word—they are comprehended in Love.

If we give to the greatest conceivable thing known to us the name of God, then God is Love, inasmuch as Love is the greatest conceivable thing known to us. The mere familiarity of the words

for some people, the biblical association of them for others, their apparent mysticism, their utter simplicity, may sometimes prevent the realisation of their true worth. Be this as it may, I believe they remain, and must always remain, as the one complete and final definition of what Love is. Love is God, and God is Love.

We may, it is true, be helped to the better understanding of what love is by looking at it in other and different ways, and using other and different language about it. We may also gain much by meditating upon the nature of love. I am sure, at least, that I have gained much by doing so. What follows, as the result of this meditation, is really little more than an expanded definition of love.

Love is, as already stated, the essence of spiritual life, and, being this, it is impossible to set any bounds to its influence upon man's whole being, life, and actions. It is the greatest life-force known to us, the greatest inspirer of the greatest efforts made or destined to be made by man. It will, if we meditate deeply upon it, be seen that this is only an expansion of the expression that God is Love. But do we meditate deeply enough upon it?

For example, many people seem to limit their thoughts about love almost entirely to two of its manifestations. They think of it as the greatest of all human passions, as sexual love. They think of it also as that which has been held up to mankind in all ages by poets, seers, prophets, teachers, visionaries, as the greatest thing known to us or conceivable by us, the greatest ideal, the greatest

imagination. And in both cases they are right. There is no such manifestation of love as the love that a man may have for a woman or a woman for a man. Further, love, the vision of all the greatest visionaries, ideal love—what is there that carries us farther and deeper than this?

But these are, after all, but two of the infinitely numerous and varied aspects and manifestations of the nature and the range of love. To mention one point only as an illustration of what I mean: We do not, I think, appreciate sufficiently the practical side of love, its actual and potential influence upon everything, small or great, that concerns human beings and their lives. For example, the man who has the most love in him will be able to use to the most advantage anything else human that there is in him. Do we believe this? If we do not, I am sure this is only due to the fact that we have not meditated deeply enough upon love, and upon the endless diversities of its manifestations.

It may perhaps help us to get a true view of what love is if we look at it in another way—if we consider what is its antithesis. Where the contrast is special, that is, where it has reference to a particular occasion and a particular object, the antithesis of love may be hate. But hate is not love's permanent antithesis. The permanent antithesis of love is *hardness*. Bring before your mind the thought or the sight of love in any of its aspects, whether ideal or personal, and the one quality with which it cannot be brought into relation without a sense of shock and repugnance is the quality of hardness. You

may associate love with hate. You may associate it with excess, fury, madness, and even with a certain kind of selfishness; but attempt to associate it with hardness and the mind revolts and will have none of it.

Look at it, then, as we may, hardness is seen to be the true antithesis of love, and in all that follows I shall so regard it.

To pass now a little beyond the bounds of mere definition: What, within the compass of a few pages, can be said usefully on so mighty a theme? The thing, if it is to be of any use, must, I think, be almost entirely personal, such as it presents itself to me, and also such as I seem to have seen it in the persons of others.

The interest and zest of our lives, apart from all the sweet everyday commerce of friendliness, neighbourliness, kindness, friendship and love, are largely bound up with the pursuit of truth and the enjoyment of beauty, in one or other of its numberless forms. In my consideration of what love is and does for us I cannot perhaps do better than consider it in relation to these two subjects.

Under what conditions do we seem to have the keenest enjoyment and the most just and delicate discernment and appreciation of beauty, and to see furthest into the truth of things?

Speaking for myself only, I have no doubt whatever. My appreciation of beauty is at its lowest when love is lowest within me, and it is at its highest when love is highest within me. This is always so, under all circumstances. It goes without saying that appreciation of beauty may be greatly affected by the circumstances of

our lives, and that under certain extreme conditions no such appreciation may be even possible. But the fact is as I have stated it—the more love within me, the more beauty. As my recollection travels back over the past and comes down to the present, there are numberless incidents fixed ineradicably upon my mind, all contributing, each in its own way, to the conclusion already stated. The beauty that I recall may be such as is revealed in the vast infinity of the sky or in the tiniest of wild flowers at my feet. It may be seen supremest of all in some human face divine, instinct with that strange unfathomable depth and glow of personality, unforgettable for us and imperishable. Of all the various forms and manifestations of beauty, it may be this or it may be that. This does not matter. They are before me as I write, and they all tell the same tale. As is the love within us, so will be the vision of the beauty. Enlarge and deepen the one, and we enlarge and deepen the other. Limit this, and we limit that. Remove it—if only for a moment—and the other perishes with it. I feel it and know it and see it as I write these words with a certainty incommunicable, I suppose, in its entirety, but not insufficient, I hope, to bring conviction to the reader. And this for two reasons.

First, the mere fact that for all these years this has been the absolutely unvarying experience of one individual surely ought to be sufficient to prove that it is true for him. And if true for him, why not true for all?

But there is proof of another kind. The facts are true for me as I have stated them; but they

are true for me also simply because they could not be otherwise—that is, because they are true universally.

The completeness of our realisation of anything that is beautiful—a beautiful face, sky, action, thought, song—must vary according to the presence or absence in us of love, simply because the quality of beauty is such that in its highest and deepest manifestation it is itself filled with love, and there must be an affinity between that which is thus composed, its very essence, and the spirit of him who is to behold it. The highest and deepest manifestation of beauty known to us is that which is revealed in the face of a human being. And the highest conceivable pitch of beauty attainable by a human being is to be seen when that human being is most filled with love. Every other form and manifestation of beauty pales when brought into comparison with this. As you read this you know it is true, for there come before you as you read it, as there come before me as I write it, faces and forms of human beings, young and old, living with you to-day in your actual daily bodily intercourse, or living away from you, somewhere or other nearer or farther, whether on this side of the great Beyond or on that. And these faces are full of beauty for you because they are full of love. And in your recollection of them, whether over a long series of years if you look back over such, or if you are young and have but a few years to look back upon, you are aware of this—that there stands out before you one single thing which fills everything. This beauty that is for you so inexpress-

ible is what it is to you because of the love that is in it. And the deeper, the more infinite the love, the deeper, the more infinite the beauty. This it is that is the essence of such beauty, and it is visible to you precisely in proportion to the love that is within your own heart as you look upon it actually or in memory.

Like beholds like. "We receive but what we give." If we do not see the truth of this, we are so far blind. For beauty and love are, in their essence, identical. So also are they, for all practical purposes, identical in their antithesis. The permanent antithesis of love is, as we have seen, hardness. And though it may be that hardness cannot be said to be beauty's permanent antithesis, I believe it to be undeniable that the very idea of beauty, whether in nature or in art, is incompatible with the idea of hardness. The one thing is repugnant to the other to a degree that does not belong to any other conceivable contrasts with them. There is no logical flaw in this. But a logical proof does not necessarily mean a living conviction. This is often a question more of feeling than of logical demonstration. But when subjected to the test of feeling, the truth of the statement that the idea of hardness is incompatible with the idea of beauty seems irresistible.

To take one instance only. The most supreme beauty known to us is that which is to be seen in a human face. May it not be added to this that in some of its manifestations it is in the face of a woman that this beauty is to be seen at its highest? An eternal truth is expressed in the words of the song, "Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness." These words give us all we want. A woman's beauty, be it the beauty of a girl as there lingers in it still the innocent linelessness of the child, or that of the old woman who carries in her face the marks of the history of nearly a century, is not a woman's beauty at all if the essence of it does not consist in tenderness. There is no appeal necessary here to argument or logic, the word has but to be named to carry conviction with it. We feel and we know that if in a woman's face there is no tenderness, there is in it also no beauty—for beauty lives with kindness. And so we arrive by another route at the same end, for at least there is no doubt for any of us that the antithesis of tenderness is hardness.

There is before me as I write that which is, in some ways, the saddest spectacle that human eyes can look upon—the fixed and expressionless half-smile on a hard face. For a moment, as I caught sight of it, it startled me with what seemed its likeness to death; but I came to see that there was no real likeness there to death; for death, too, may be beautiful. Nor was it life, for life is human. It was neither life nor death, summer nor winter. It was death in life, winter in summer. It is before me now, about the saddest and the most barren thing that you can look upon—the hardness in the face of a woman and a mother. The world of humanity knows no sadder, because no more unhuman, spectacle than this.

To sum up: In answer to the inquiry under what conditions we seem to have the most just and delicate appreciation of beauty, I answer for

myself that it is when there is within me the most love. And answering thus for myself, I am sure I can answer thus for others. A further proof lies in the fact that, as the highest manifestation of beauty known to us has love as its very essence, it is impossible that the revelation of such beauty should be made to any but to those in whom lives love.

There remains for consideration the second question: Under what conditions do we see furthest into the truth of things?

In dealing with the subject of beauty we dealt also to some extent with the subject of truth. Whether it is the appreciation of what is beautiful or the creation of it, in both cases we succeed according to the depth of our insight, according as we see into the heart of things. That is, beauty and truth are, in a way, one—"beauty is truth, truth beauty." And the more we think about it the more, I believe, shall we come to feel that Keats was essentially right. Still, while it must be allowed that we cannot see or make what is beautiful unless we see also what is true, it is certainly the case that beauty and truth are not convertible words, and that for practical purposes they must be treated separately.

If we consider the question first from the point of view of a priori reasoning, there seems to be no other conclusion possible but the following: The more love you have within you, the greater, the surer will be your grasp of truth. For the essence of the life, the life-force, within a man is the love within him. This is the essence of his humanity, of that which makes him a man. Ac-

cordingly, the more of this there is in him, the more penetrative is his intellect, the more deeply does he see into the heart of things.

But this is not so merely on the grounds of a priori reasoning, it is so also as a matter of simple observation and experience of those we know, including, of course, ourselves.

If to the question put above I seek to find an answer for myself alone, I have not far to seek. I am quite sure that in the deep things of life, and in all the things into which the faculty of imagination enters, and in all human things whatever, I see into the truth of them, I come nearest to seeing them as they really are, according to the love that is in me when I seek to discover the truth. This is a simple fact of observation and experience of one single individual. For him it is so far final, but it leaves untouched the further and general question—How far is it true that the man who has within him the most love sees furthest into the heart of things?

Towards the answering of this question I can contribute now merely the dogmatic expression of my own belief.

However different may have been the sources of information, the result of observation and reflection upon them is for me always the same. I may know persons from that which they have written themselves or from that which has been written about them, or I may know them in the daily and hourly intercourse of our lives. They may have lived thousands of years ago, or they may be living to-day. All this makes no difference. The result of my knowledge of them is

always this: Those who have the most love see furthest into the heart of things.

We have, then, arrived at the conclusion that the artist and the thinker are great according to the greatness of their human love. These must be our only instances; but the result would have been the same however wide the scope of our inquiry, and for this reason:

Those who love the world and work for it with this love within them must inevitably be the world's conquerors. For they alone understand the world, they alone see the world as it is and as it will be, see reality. They too alone have confidence in themselves—all others have to-day lost this—and in their visions; they alone are fearless. They know that it has to-day come to this—that it is only by possessing and practising human love, the love of all, that mankind can now be satisfied. And last, only they know what it is to-day to have real joy, the joy that comes from seeing things as they are and as they will be, and doing all that they can do to serve the world.

I have yet to put a question of infinite interest: In the case of those who have profoundly influenced their fellow-men and human progress, to what is such influence mainly due?

A few preliminary words are necessary to make my position clear regarding the whole subject.

The root of all human greatness is human love, and in strict proportion to the depth and range of the love is the quality of the greatness. He who possesses the deepest and widest love of men is the greatest man and has the greatest and the

most abiding influence in the world. A man cannot himself be really great or do any really great human work if he has not within him great human love; and his own greatness and the greatness of his work will be in proportion to the greatness of the love within him. For example, if a man with a fine brain is engaged on a great human work, such as painting a picture or writing a poem, the work will be great according to the amount of love he has in him. And if two men of equal mental calibre are engaged on such a work, the work of the man who has within him the greatest love will be so much greater than the work of the other according as he possesses greater love.

Those who have contributed most permanently to the furtherance of human progress, those whose influence upon mankind has been the greatest and the most beneficial have been themselves filled with the most humanity, the most love; and such influence would, if we could see into the truth of things, be found always to be in proportion to the amount and the quality of the humanity, the love, that was in them. Where the influence has been either bad or fleeting, this has been due to the fact, either that the agents have themselves been deficient in humanity, or that in the special work they have done they have to a greater or less degree ignored the dictates and methods of humanity and love, and resorted to other means than these to promote their objects. These objects may indeed, in whole or in part, have been good, but if the methods adopted to attain them have been devoid of humanity, then, just in so

far as this has been the case, will it be found that they have injured their cause, and injured at the same time the communities concerned, and retarded human progress.

At the bottom of all this there lies, I believe, a law of human evolution, human progress, never to be broken without inflicting upon those concerned a greater or less amount of injury. The law is this: In proportion as motives and methods are filled with love, will be the quality and the permanence of the benefits conferred upon mankind. And in proportion as this is not the case, so will the results be bad.

It remains for me now to apply the personal test in illustration of the soundness of the belief just enunciated. Within the pages of this small volume I have had to limit myself to one great example. But before dealing with this, let me say that I have considered with care, and with the endeavour to be open-minded, many instances of famous men of different ages and countries, and that the soundness of my belief has always been confirmed by such consideration. That is, where the influence has been great and beneficial, the influential person has been filled with humanity and goodness, filled with love. Where the influence has been otherwise, the influential person has either himself been deficient in humanity and goodness, deficient in love, or the means which he has adopted to effect his purpose have been, to a greater or less extent, devoid of this.

CHAPTER IV

CHRIST

I TAKE the instance of Christ.

Three preliminary remarks must be made.

I have nothing to do here with the question of the absolute or relative values of the various documents that compose what is called the New Testament.

I have nothing to do with criticisms that concern themselves with supposed omissions, inconsistencies or defects in the teaching and philosophy of Christ; or with the further question how far these may be due to the imperfect understanding of those who listened to Christ's teaching, or to the fragmentary nature of the documents in which it is recorded.

I have, for my present purpose, to consider Christ as a man among other men. Whether or no there is another side does not concern us here; it is solely with the human side that we are concerned.

On this understanding, the question that we have now to put is this: To what is mainly due the influence that Christ has had and still has upon those who have felt and feel that influence most? The answer is inevitable. It is due to the love of Christ.

The complete exposition of the truth of this

statement would involve the history of Christianity, from the first moment when Christ began to influence others down to the present day. For Christianity, in so far as it has been or ever can be of service to mankind, is Christ.

The greatness of a man and his influence upon his fellows are, as we have already seen, in proportion to the love that is in him. Now the difference between Christ and all other human beings is, I think, almost entirely a question of the difference of the love within them.

The contemplation of Christ simply as a human being, of his character and life, his words and deeds, always has upon me one effect, I always come to one conclusion. It is not merely that Christ is filled to an inexpressible degree with love—it is this, but it is more than this—it is, in all sober language, that he *is* love. Nothing less than this ever satisfies me when I attempt to explain to myself, to analyse what Christ is; but this does.

The proof of this assertion is twofold:

First, the character and personality of Christ himself.

Second, the nature of the effect produced by him upon others.

If we turn our thoughts to the contemplation of Christ's life and character, dwell upon it, meditate over it, and ask ourselves what is the impression produced upon us, I believe it must necessarily be this: The root of everything in him is his love. Apply whatever test we may, the result is always the same. I believe that the more closely we look into all the available evidence

bearing upon the subject, the more overwhelming will be our conviction that this is so. It is, of course, impossible for me now to do more than indicate the kind of evidence that we should naturally turn to in the course of such an inquiry.

In his estimate of the character and worth of others; in the injunctions laid upon his followers; in his conception of the ideal life; in the everyday practice of his life, and in his message to the world—in all these, and in anything of the same kind that could be added to these, the central interest and passion for him is the interest and passion of love. In comparison with this, everything else is quite insignificant.

The few sentences I now quote from Christ's words are given solely as illustrations of the kind of evidence in which the gospels abound.

In his estimate of character:

"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."

In the injunctions laid upon his followers:

"This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." "But I say unto you, love your enemies."

In his conception of the ideal life:

"Be ye therefore perfect [that is, perfect in your love for others], even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

In the everyday practice of his life, and in his message to the world:

Christ's message to the world was, as is the case with all who are great, and in exact proportion to their greatness, identical with his message to

himself—that is, with the everyday practice of his life. I treat them therefore in what follows as one.

If any person does not see that in the everyday practice of his life Christ was wholly dominated by a tender love for his fellows and a passionate yearning to see that love prevail, it is certainly useless for me to attempt to prove this by quotations from the sources available to us. For the conviction that this is so is not to be acquired by any such means. The singularity of Christ lay largely in the fact that the most minute concerns in the lives of his friends and neighbours were of equal interest to him with the loftiest ideal imaginations of his spirit. In this combination, and in the degree of it, lay perhaps mainly his solitariness among the supreme geniuses of the world. And whether in the minutest concrete example, or in the illimitable visionary outlook into the realms of great thought, his object was always the same—it was always love. If we once see this clearly, we shall have gone some distance towards the comprehension of Christ's character and influence. If not, we are so far still in the dark.

If there is one single sentence that expresses for us Christ in the everyday practice of his life, and in the solitary supremacy of the quality and the range of his love, it is, I think, to be found in these words: "He loved them to the uttermost." The great lover of man, he to whom God was his Father and was Love, loved those about him, those who, in his everyday life, were his companions and his friends—to the uttermost. Love, that is,

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could no further go, in its intensity and in its faithfulness. And this stands good for him, whether the test be applied to the sublimest reach of his imagination as it lifts itself to the contemplation of the ideal love, or concerns itself with little children, or with one of society's outcasts. It is always *to the uttermost* that Christ loves. This was the practice of his life, and this is his message to the world.

I have now to consider the nature of the effect produced by Christ upon others. Here, too, all that can be done must be in merest outline, indicative only of the method employed.

I will take first those who actually knew Christ or were in close touch with those who did.

It is impossible to mention the name of St. John without finding ourselves in the atmosphere of love. He is "The Apostle of Love," and, according to the well-known tradition, when he was too old to walk he would be wheeled into the assembly of Christians, and what he had to say to them never varied—"Love one another." What he has written about love in a few pages stands, I think, alone in all literature in its combination of the ideal and the practical. What, too, does he not sum up for us when he writes, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren"? And all this is as we should have expected it to be, for he was Christ's dearest friend and knew best what his love was.

When St. Peter writes, "Above all things have fervent love among yourselves, for love shall cover a multitude of sins," he reproduces the very

essence of the spirit of Christ's doctrine and character. When also in the same letter he writes of Christ, "Whom having not seen ye love," he accentuates for us again the same fact. Here, as always, it is "the Love of Christ" that is the essence of Christ's influence.

In the case of St. John and St. Peter we are dealing with men of whom we know comparatively little. When we come to St. Paul it is very different. The personality of St. Paul stands out as one of the most notable of all time. In its complexity, its versatility, its vehemence, its impulsiveness, its dogged resolution, its immense resourcefulness, its intrepidity, in its brilliant intellectuality and its moral fervour, its light and its heat—in all this we have one of the great individual forces and personalities of the world.

Into this turbulent, trenchant, headstrong being there entered at a single moment that which possessed, dominated, revolutionised it from that moment—there entered the love of Christ. That this it was which entered the whole substance of him, swept through his blood and spirit, made in a moment what was Saul into what became Paul, we know, for he tells us: "The love of Christ constraineth us." "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God,

which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth and length, and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

And the effect? The effect is what it must inevitably have been. The love of Christ that constrained him could constrain him only in one direction. For him henceforth, as for Christ before him, love stood supremely alone as the object of man's endeavour and the end of his existence—"For the greatest of these is love." And Christ being for him the supreme embodiment of love was of necessity also the object of all his adoration.

Such, then, was the effect produced by Christ upon his contemporaries. It was due, without doubt, almost entirely to the quality of his humanity, his love. It was the love of Christ that constrained them then, and it has been the same love that has ever since constrained all those who have felt his influence, and those have felt his influence the most who have the most felt his love.

I do not think this assertion will be questioned, but in any case I can do little more now than mention the sort of evidence that would naturally be appealed to in support of such an assertion. It would be mainly as follows: The biographies of those whose lives have been profoundly influenced by Christ; the literature of Christians that deals specially with the person of Christ; the results of our own personal observation of the

kind of influence that Christ has had upon those whom we have known and know, whose characters and lives he seems to have influenced greatly; and last, the influence which, so far as we can tell, Christ has upon ourselves.

I can recall no instance of the biographies of those profoundly influenced by Christ in whom the influence does not seem to have been due almost wholly to the love of Christ.

The same, too, may be said of the literature that deals specially with the person of Christ. However striking may be the differences, not less striking is the agreement. They all agree in a unanimous testimony to the humanity, the tenderness, the love of Christ.

Take one example only: The influence of Christian hymns upon the lives of Christians has been, and still remains, immense. Many of these hymns deal, of course, with the person of Christ. They are, as we may be sure they would be, a strange medley, for they proceed from and speak to a strange medley of races and individuals. But they have above all one great note in common, the note that sings of the Love of Jesus.

What has been the influence that Christ has had upon those whom we have known and know, who have been profoundly influenced by him? Such a question each one of us must answer for himself. Some of the noblest men and women I have known have been most profoundly influenced by Christ. He has possessed them. I cannot think of them as living deprived of him. Doubtless he presented himself to them differently, according to their natures and capacities and

idiosyncrasies. It was his genius that did this for them, as is the way with genius. They spoke, indeed, in the clumsy inexpressiveness of words little or not at all in direct reference to all this ; but by a subtler medium, and in a language that admits of no obscurity—by the unconscious revelation of themselves in their everyday lives, everyday actions, and everyday words—they told me something, something only, of what Christ meant to them. And what Christ meant to them was what the love of Christ meant to them. That is, setting aside all differences and idiosyncrasies of temperament, capacity, character, that which did possess them all and did inspire them all was the personal love of Christ. The love of Christ did undoubtedly penetrate and ennoble their whole beings, and largely made them what they were. This is my answer to the question. I have answered it as well as I can, but how far it falls short of the whole truth only those who are in my mind can know.

The last question—What is the influence that Christ has upon ourselves?—I must answer as I can for myself. In so far as my life has been influenced by the contemplation of Christ, the influence, so far as I can tell, has come almost entirely—I think I might say entirely—from the love that I have seemed to see living in him. This is the simple fact, and I should add nothing by enlarging upon it.

Christ taught the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, that men should love God and one another. This was his religious ideal and this was the practice of his life. He was full of

love for others and inexpressibly lovable. It is Christ's love for others that has made him so lovable to them. His love and his lovableness together combined to make the Love of Christ, which was the inspiration of those who knew him in Palestine, and is the inspiration of those who know him to-day. This, and this alone, is Christianity, for Christianity is Christ and the Love of Christ.

This ends all that I can say regarding the nature and source of Christ's influence. The result of the inquiry may be summed up in a single sentence: Apply whatever test we may, Christ's influence is found to be due almost entirely to the love within him.

With the fact always before me that my aim throughout is practical—the increasing among us of love—I cannot end without putting, and answering, in so far as it can be answered at all, the following question: Is Christ's greatness explicable?

Christ was born into the world a genius of love. Under what conditions would this rich nature be most likely to develop itself up to the consummate point? The conditions were, I believe, precisely such as were actually fulfilled in his case. That is, all his surroundings were plain and simple; his life was frugal; he worked for his bread at a craft which requires the exercise of physical strength, manual skill, and intelligence; he was much in the open air; and last, he was born and lived among the common people.

That Christ, if he had been born and had lived

under somewhat different conditions to these, might still have become what he did become, I do not, of course, deny; but there are certain conditions under which if he had been born and had lived he certainly would not have become what he did become. He must, indeed, have been very notable under any conditions, but that is all. If he had been born into a rich and self-indulgent society, it is likely that he would eventually have shaken himself free from these soddening influences and have been something very unusual, but he would not have been what he was; he would not have arrived at the point of humanity that he did arrive at; his soul would not have been the home of the love that did live in it. Such an atmosphere would have left its indelible mark upon him, and he would never have inspired the world as he has inspired it. To have done this, the love within him must have been nourished in a finer air, and with other food. He must, I believe, have been born and lived under conditions similar to, if not identical with, those under which he did live. And one which was in those days and in that country absolutely necessary was that he should be born of the people and be poor. Christ was himself, at any rate, perfectly certain on the subject of riches. He never had any doubt that if a man were rich he could not reach the highest point that it was otherwise open to him to reach.

Some centuries before Christ another great prophet and teacher had recognised this. Buddha renounced riches and its accompaniments, but was it too late? What might not Buddha have been

and taught if he had been born a workman, with all that such a life and training would have meant to him? What might not Buddha's love, his humanity, have been if he had been more fortunate in his birth, education, and early environment? Are not the weak points in his message to man precisely those that might have been corrected if he had lived from the first among the people, been one of them, and worked with his hands for his living? Buddha, too, was a genius of love. Is it not possible that, if his early life had been other than it was, all those nations that came under his influence might have been inspired to-day with other and greater hopes than those that are attached to mere resignation, and that the East might have been another world?

Be this as it may, Christ, we all know, was essentially a true man, with all a true man's great capacities greatly developed — physical, mental, moral, spiritual. He had not a touch of the ascetic or hermit about him. He came eating and drinking. He was all things to all men. He was the man of sorrows and the man of joys. And he was all this, largely owing to the influences of his boyhood and early manhood, to his birth, education, manual occupation, associates and life in the village of Nazareth of the Gentiles. Without this he would have been a very exceptional man, but he would not have been what he was. His sympathy, tenderness, humanity, must have been quite unusual, but they would not have reached the point they did reach. The world would never have known the Love of Christ. He was born and he lived among the people, and

he worked with his hands in healthy labour for his daily bread; and these, in my belief, were the conditions best calculated to make him the Saviour of the world.

With this supreme instance of love incarnate must end all that I can now say on the inexhaustible subject of the nature of love and its effects. Let me in a last word or two emphasise one thought.

Human love will be the abiding inspiration and the common everyday joy of our lives according as we are able to grasp the idea of its *universality*, and to realise the idea in the practice of our lives. My meaning will perhaps be made clearer if I say that it is its universality that mainly differentiates human love from the love of other animals. With them we undoubtedly share love's particularity. Its universality is, so far as we know, ours alone. The particularity and the universality of human love—this is the combination that makes it what it is and, yet more, what some day it will be. It does literally make the whole world—the world of all life, both plant and animal—kin. I know no subject of thought vaster and dearer to dwell on than this, and I like to feel that I am leaving this part of my subject with this thought about it in the reader's mind.

CHAPTER V

LOVE AT LAST

BEFORE stating the grounds of my belief in the ultimate victory of love, I will state what the belief itself is.

I believe that love will one day prevail in the world, and will profoundly affect all relations and transactions of human beings with one another. I believe, further, that in that part of the world which I know best love will so prevail at no distant date, and that under certain quite possible conditions love might prevail there quickly.

First, then, regarding the grounds for my belief in the ultimate victory of love. They are of different kinds, and will, I think, appeal to different persons in different ways. That is, one will be of more value to one person and one to another. There is not one of them that I have not subjected to the most searching critical scrutiny of which I am capable, and there is not one concerning the soundness of which I have the smallest doubt. By the variety of them and their cumulative force they seem to me irresistible, and as I have tried to look at them with an open mind, I hope they may seem irresistible to others also.

In the first place, love *is* prevailing. The history of the evolution of man proves this, and I am confident that it will not be denied by anyone

who has looked carefully into the subject. The grounds for this conclusion are given below.

But the statement that goodness—that is, love—is the winning element in the world is one thing. The statement that it will one day prevail in the sense in which I have used the word—that is, that it will profoundly affect all relations and transactions of human beings—is another. But if we look at the thing closely we shall see that the second is the inevitable consequence of the first.

Man is so constituted—it is this very constitution that chiefly differentiates him from other animals—that his progress towards perfection is infinite. Further, he is, when he looks closely into himself, conscious of this destiny towards infinite progress, towards human perfection. It is this consciousness that gives him that sense of noble dissatisfaction with what he has attained and that irresistible impulse towards further attainment, which is seen in its highest development in the greatest representatives of humanity. It is this consciousness, this certainty of the infinite possibilities of man, that has given to the greatest of men, and will always give to them, their inspiration and their consequent influence upon other men.

So long as it was mainly the great seers and teachers of mankind who held this faith, so long the world remained largely unmoved. But there are signs that this is no longer so. It is my complete conviction that there is to-day stirring in the hearts and brains of multitudes of men a sense of the coming victory of love which is of itself sufficient to prove that it is coming. The

world is no longer largely unmoved; it is, on the contrary, beginning to be largely moved, and the movement is becoming constantly wider and deeper. No one who gets below the surface, who thinks much on the subject, will, I believe, come to any other conclusion. And it is a conclusion of quite inexpressible interest and importance as bearing upon the subject of the ultimate victory of love in the world. *The time is ripe.*

To begin at the beginning: I believe that from the dawn of the history of man up to to-day there has been a continuous, though by no means uniform, upward movement in regard to the gentler, the more humane qualities, and that this movement will go on until mankind arrives at human perfection. There may perhaps be doubts as to the continuous progress in certain great human attainments and capacities, such as, for example, the reach of the intellect, the creations of art, the quality of courage, and also the passion of individual love for an individual. We shall, each of us, have our own opinions on such points. But as regards the increase of the qualities of pity, tenderness, sympathy, the sense of solidarity, brotherhood, fellowship, and the like, there is, I am sure, no doubt whatever. In all such qualities the world is moving upwards, it is getting better and better, and it will not rest, because it cannot rest, until it has attained such perfection as is attainable by man.

The testimony of our reason, when turned upon the facts, and of our intuition both point to this. There is a force of some kind in the universe impelling our portion of it, our world, upwards,

and there seems no end to this upward movement. That is, the force in the universe is, so far as we are concerned, making for what is good, better, best—tending towards our perfection. This is certain. If we wish to give to this force the name of God, we can say that God is goodness. Now the highest form of goodness is concentrated in the quality of love. This is therefore the highest conceivable force to us; or, in other language, God is love. All this is told to us by our reason, it is simply a scientific deduction from observed facts. There is no other conclusion possible but this. There is no escape from it.

It is also confirmed by intuition. But here we are on different ground. The dogmatism here must be limited. An appeal to the logical, scientific deductions of the intellect and of observation is one thing; an appeal to intuition is another. Intuition is inward and individual, and dogmatic assertions about it must be individual also. I shall therefore limit such assertions to my own individual case.

For me, reason here confirms intuition, and intuition reason. It is difficult, if not impossible, to know how far intuition acts for us independently of reason. Be this as it may, my belief in the ultimate perfection of humanity, as dictated to me by what seems to me to be my intuition, is absolute, unchanging, supreme. It is as complete as the belief supplied to me by my reason. But it is something more than this. It adds to the certainty supplied by my reason a material of a different kind. It dwells in another region. If once some great subject of thought

has passed into this region, it is not so much believed to be true as felt to be true. Its inwardness is of such a nature that it has a kind of separate existence of its own within you. It *lives* within you, and you know that it cannot die. All this is the simple truth for me, excepting that it does not go far enough. I cannot get hold of words that express the reality for myself, so it is not likely that they will satisfy others. But do they tell you something of what I want to tell? If so, you will know that when I say that not only my reason but my intuition also assures me that the winning element in the world is goodness and that the essence of goodness is love, and that love will therefore one day prevail in the world, I have a certainty about this which is inexpressible. I *know* that the tender-hearted, the unselfish, will inherit the earth. This belief is a great stand-by. In the first place, it does that, without the doing of which any belief is unsafe, unsound—it entirely satisfies reason. Further, it gives a man everything that is greatest and noblest and fairest in human life—his grasp of truth, his appreciation of beauty, his courage and tenderness, his joy and his zest of life, to the extent of his capacity to possess such great things.

We have now arrived at this point in our consideration of the statement that love will one day prevail in the world: The history of the evolution of man proves that it is so prevailing, and that some day the victory will be complete.

The soundness of this belief is confirmed by

testimony of a very different kind to this. The belief has been held by most of the greatest seers and teachers of mankind. It must suffice now to give one instance only.

I will take that sentence in which the great lover of mankind bids his followers be content with nothing less than perfection—the perfection of God, the God of love—in the practice of their love for others: “Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.” (or, “Ye shall therefore be perfect”).

Let us remember that the exhortation to perfection had reference to the command to love, and that the perfection was that of the God of love, and we shall have gone far to comprehend the “secret of Jesus.” I know no other such utterance. If we had nothing but this, with the few sentences preceding it—which are necessary only to tell us that the perfection commanded and prophesied referred to the practice of love—we might understand in some measure what is meant by the love of Christ, and what he has been to the multitudes of those who have loved him.

The reader of these words may or may not believe in the divinity of Christ, interpreting this expression in whatever sense he may, but we have in them the summing up of the whole matter for us. Humanity is to advance to perfection, and the perfection is the supremacy of their love for one another.

This must be my only instance. But this, in one form or another, is the essence of the teaching of almost all those who have most helped

and most inspired mankind. And they have thus helped and inspired us for the simple reason that there is that in all of us which *naturally* responds to such an inspiration. Innate within every being born of woman is the instinct of an infinite progress towards perfection, and a haunting yearning that will be satisfied only by an actually conscious experience of the victory of love. Only this will satisfy us, and we know it and feel it. But this will.

The absolutely certain conviction that love will one day be supreme we can all possess. If we are not convinced by what seems to some to be the irresistible logic of the observed facts of evolution, nor by the deep utterances of the greatest representatives of humanity, there yet remains something of another kind which may perhaps bring conviction to us. We have only to set ourselves to love our fellow-men and to dwell upon the nature of love, what it is and what it does, and some day—it may be imperceptibly and unobserved, it may be in a moment of immediate vision—we shall see the thing before us, we shall know that love will one day be supreme, and the sight and the knowledge will never leave us, and we shall henceforth be other than we have been.

If you ask why I speak so confidently, I reply that I am telling you what I know to have happened to another person. And there is no reason to suppose that what happened to him may not happen to anyone else, and in greater measure and with greater results. For I know that the man to whom this has happened has not so much love in

his heart and does not so much practise it in his life as is the case with many others. And the certainty of the ultimate victory of love is proportioned only to the love that is in the heart and the life of the individual human being.

CHAPTER VI

LOVE AT LAST. ENGLAND

THAT humanity is progressing, and has been progressing from the dawn of its history, in the most essentially human qualities is certain. It is also certain that the quality of love stands supreme, and that the victory of the great human qualities may be summed up in the victory of love. I have already stated the grounds of my belief that this victory will one day be complete.

It remains now to deal with the statement that, under certain conditions, love might prevail at no distant period.

It is plain that in my endeavour to make this statement good it will not be sufficient to deal in generalities. I must enter into particulars, give instances, and draw conclusions from them. I must, that is, have as intimate a knowledge as possible of the people about whom I write. In a word, I must select my own country and make it the testing-ground. I select England, therefore, solely on the ground that I know it the best. I have nothing to do with the question whether England is ahead of other nations or behind them in the development of brotherly love. If I can bring forward testimony to show that under cer-

tain conditions the victory of love might in England be complete at no distant period, and that these conditions are such as may be reasonably satisfied, I shall have done all that I am setting myself to do. For it cannot be doubted that if love were to prevail in one important part of the world, the victory of love might then be regarded as practically assured everywhere.

One point must be made clear at the outset beyond any possibility of misunderstanding. The existence in any particular nation of fellowship and love must, if it is to be of any service to the world at large, or indeed to the nation itself, be of such a kind as to help towards the establishment of a feeling of fellowship and love for other nations. All that now follows is based upon this understanding.

During the last century the advance in the practical application of the great human qualities of brotherliness, kindness, tenderness, sympathy—that is, of love—to the needs of the people, has been in England so immense as to render a comparison with any other equal period in our history impossible. And the movement, we rejoice to know, is going on with constantly accelerated momentum up to the present hour. There has been nothing comparable to this in our history. The century is often regarded as being specially remarkable for the increased insight into the secrets and the laws of nature, and the application of this knowledge to the needs of humanity; and it is true that this advance is unique, and that the century will always be remarkable in history for it. The advance in the development and the practical ap-

plication of the great essential human qualities is another thing, and a much greater thing. The two are, from their very nature, not comparable. The progress of mankind may be much assisted by our increased knowledge of the laws of nature; but such knowledge, if pushed to the highest conceivable point, might, under one condition, leave humanity still in its infancy. Humanity would still be in its infancy if the highest human qualities were still in the infancy of their development. For human progress consists almost wholly in the advance of the highest human qualities. And it is when judged by this test that the wonderfulness of the past century is recognised. This is its distinction and its glory. It may be true, as I certainly believe it is, that the advance in this direction is destined to be much swifter and to go much deeper in the century ahead of us. But the supreme glory of the past century lies in the fact that in it, speaking roughly, the first, deep, wide, general, popular stir and movement in this noble region was made. The mere enumeration of some of the most important events will be sufficient to remind us of its significance.

The abolition of slavery; the Factory Acts; the establishment of hospitals and the institution of trained nurses; the formation of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals and to children; the treatment of subject races; our whole attitude towards war; the establishment of arbitration instead of force in the settlement of disputes, whether great or small, international or domestic; the entering into friendly understandings and

friendships with other nations rather than offensive and defensive alliances—these are but typical instances of movements that have been making themselves felt in this wonderful century. It will be evident that the spirit common to them all, from the anti-slavery crusade to the Bill for providing old age pensions, is the same. And this spirit is the spirit of tenderness for the weak, the helpless, or the sick. It is, in other words, the spirit of love. True, the mere enumeration of some of these may seem to serve largely as a reminder of how little has been done, how much yet lies before us to do. But this is not now the point. The point now is, that the century has the glory of having intensely emphasised, if not actually initiated, a new state of things, a new way of looking at things, in regard to our human relations to one another, and has translated all this into action to a degree quite unknown before, and that the human feelings which are at the bottom of these movements are constantly increasing both in bulk and intensity.

The inference that may reasonably be drawn from the existence of such a body of facts—of which those instanced above are only samples—is that we are in England to-day undoubtedly within sight of the end. And the end is, that in the ordinary transactions of our lives, in great matters as well as in small, in international affairs as well as in national, we shall regard a thing as of value to us in so far as it tends to promote fellowship and love, and we shall, in so far as it seems likely to do this, give it our whole-hearted support. I absolutely believe that the

practical test which the great mass of the people of England is, half consciously half unconsciously, applying to the value of an institution, or the message of a doctrine or of a teacher, or the confidence felt in a leader is just this—whether or no the result in each case is the promotion of fellowship, friendliness, goodwill, solidarity—that is, the promotion of love. This does, I believe, represent the real feeling of the great mass of the people of England to-day, and the result of all this will year by year become more and more manifest, come more and more to the surface, and with continually increasing force.

The facts instanced above have, as pieces of evidence, a great advantage. They appeal to us at once as being easy of comprehension—definite, simple, certain, precise. And being all this, they have a value of their own, and the value is great.

What is now to follow is not so easily demonstrable, because it is less definite. But it goes much further and deeper.

Let me put this question: What, if we could really get at it, is the true feeling of the people of this country to-day as to the place that love should fill in all the relations and transactions of our lives, small or great, national or international?

The reply to it, in so far as it can be stated in a few words, is this: The great mass of the people of this country, irrespective of class or creed or circumstances, have come to the conclusion that the place which love should fill is supreme, and that it is to love, and to love only, that we must now turn, if we are to

have any chance of solving the many human problems that yet remain for us to solve.

This conclusion has been arrived at as the result of as careful an examination as I have been able to make of a large number of different sources of information and different subjects. From these subjects I select for consideration two—first, religion; second, private and intimate conversations and correspondence with all sorts of people.

Of what nature is the religion to which the people of England are turning to-day as the inspiration of their lives? Can it be said that, in so far as the religion which is presented to them concerns itself with the promotion of brotherliness, goodwill, fellowship, affection, love, so far does it appeal to them as true, and so far will it stir their hearts and move them to take it as the inspiration of their lives? I have no doubt as to the reply to this question. Whatever may be the accidents, the form, the ceremonialism of the religion, it must, if it is to win and to keep the attachment and devotion of the people, be filled with the spirit of love, and its aim must be the translating of that spirit into action in all the affairs of life, however small or however great. The divinity of the gospel of their religion must be measured by its humanity. Their God must be the God of love.

It is often stated that the attendance of the mass of the people at the ordinary places of worship is to-day very meagre, and the conclusion drawn from this seems usually to be that religion is losing its hold upon them. It is not the con-

clusion that I should draw. It seems to me, so far as I have been able to judge, that the truth lies in exactly the opposite direction. That is, I believe that religion, the only religion that has any right to the name, which is not a mockery of the name—the religion of love—is steadily increasing its hold upon the people.

The attendance at places of worship is, when taken by itself, a test of no value. The true test is what is spoken and written publicly by persons interested in the subject, and what people are thinking and saying to one another about it privately. The available sources of information are, then, both public and private. I will take first those that are public.

The public sources of information on the subject are countless, both in number and variety. There is, so far as I can tell, no form of written matter in which we may not find the subject of religion alluded to, from the halfpenny newspaper to the severest philosophical and scientific treatise. And similarly, of course, there is almost no description of person who may not be found alluding to it in print or in speech. This is simply a fact of observation, and I mention it now to show how wide is the interest taken in the subject.

Take all this heterogeneous mass of printed matter on the subject of religion, and it will be found, I believe, that religion does for all those who give utterance to their beliefs and feelings about it almost invariably mean for them the religion of love.

Theosophy, Christian Science, The New Mysti-

cism, The New Theology—in these, as in the representatives of the formularies and traditions of the older branches and sects of Christianity, so numerous and so different, the application of the test brings always the same result. Love is with them all the matter of supreme concern.

And if we turn our attention to the men whose special concern is the religion with which they identify themselves, we shall find over and over again that some of the most notable and prominent of these are at the same time the most warmly interested in those movements that have for their aim justice, humanity, brotherliness, peace, love. It must suffice to mention only here and there an example of these: The High Church Bishop of Birmingham and the Broad Church Bishop of Truro are both identified with Christian Socialism; The editor of *The Commonwealth*, the organ of the Christian Social Union, is the eloquent Canon of St. Paul's, Canon Scott Holland; The Rev. R. J. Campbell, the leading representative of the New Theology, is a Socialist, a member of the Independent Labour Party and of the Fabian Society; The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and Dr. Clifford are all at one in their support of what seems to them to be the justice and humanity that characterise the Licensing Bill. And let me add that the oneness of many Churchmen and Nonconformists on this question seems to have brought about an unexpected unity also regarding the hitherto great disuniting subject of religious education in elementary schools. And this is a further illustration of the fact that religion is being so gener-

ally identified with humanity.* The question for us now is not in the least whether the men who identify themselves with religion are right or wrong in identifying themselves also with, say, Socialism in general, or with the Licensing Bill as a particular piece of legislation. This is not the point. The point is, that they do so identify themselves, and it is a great point.†

I have one other test to apply, in some ways the most searching and conclusive of all: What are people saying to one another privately on the subject of religion?

It is plain that all that I can do here is to state the conclusion which I have formed about this, so far as my own observation goes: I can recall no instance in which, in the intimacy of private conversation, there was any doubt whatever that the worth of a religion is to be estimated according as there is love in it.

* This was written before the withdrawal of the Education Bill and the rejection by the House of Lords of the Licensing Bill. But these occurrences really add point and strength to the conclusions drawn above. I will mention only one illustration of the many that might be advanced to prove this fact—the speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the House of Lords in the debate on the Licensing Bill.

† I was writing this on the morning of August 7, 1908, and on the afternoon of the same day I read an article in the *Daily News* under the heading, “An Awakened Church,” from which I make the following extracts:—

“Yesterday saw the end of the prolonged discussions which began with the Pan-Anglican Congress and culminated in the Lambeth Conference. Reports of such debates seldom become classics, but the meetings of this year have undoubtedly produced memorable utterances.”

“There are avowed Socialists like Father Adderley, of Birmingham, outspoken temperance advocates like the Bishop of Kensington, Liberal thinkers like Canon Barnett, all, in different ways, preaching deeper views of social duty and a more humane conception of what is meant by property. The cry of the poor parish has entered into the counsels of the Church as never before; she no longer ignores the claims of the sweated worker and the plea of victims to phossy jaw or lead-poisoning.”

This is all that I can say on the subject of religion. I hope it is sufficient to convince those who read it that I have made good what I set out to prove: The people of England to-day judge of the truth and value of a religion, and are accordingly attached to it and inspired by it, as it tends to produce fellowship, kindness, affection, sympathy—as it is, in a word, a religion of love.

There remains for consideration the second source of information which I selected to show that the great mass of the people of England were to-day giving to love the supreme place as the great controlling agent in all our human relations with one another. This source is equally open to us all, but it cannot, from its very nature, be equally subject to the criticisms of others. It has contributed to my final conclusion to a degree which it is impossible for me to express in words. I refer, as already stated, to the things said to me in the course of quiet and intimate conversation and correspondence with all sorts of different people. These differences have been of a most various kind. Age, occupation, class, means, intelligence, information, education, degree and duration of intimacy—in all these there have been many and great differences. But the result, with such few exceptions that they do not count, is always the same. Love is for them supreme, as the one great stand-by for us to-day in the relations of human beings to one another, in the great and small things of our lives, in the solution of the many yet unsolved difficulties and problems, whether national or international. Sometimes there may have been but the expression of a

single sentence, and on a single occasion. Or the thing goes back to an unremembered series of years, and may embrace a range of subjects unremembered also. But the result is as I have stated it to be.

In what way can I best make it clear to others as it is clear to me? As I recall it all, linking it, as I so often can, with persons and with places, there is one idea which seems almost always to associate itself with all these conversations with all these different people. We have now, as members of a nation and as individuals, arrived at a point in our history when, in our dealings and relations with one another as individuals and as members of a community, and in our dealings and relations with the members of other communities, no other agency, no other intermediary will satisfy us but love. The very nature of the evidence is such as to make it impossible for me, in my endeavour to communicate to others its convincing power, to do more than simply state how it came to be so convincing to myself. And the element in this, as I recall it all, is the element which, from its very essence, is incapable of complete communication to others. For it is the element of intimacy. That which is said to others in the quiet and trustful unreserve of intimacy, friendship, and affection, stands for me, as it must also stand for others, alone. It stands alone because of its inwardness, and its inwardness is necessarily incommunicable to others. But there is one thing which we all have in common—we have the knowledge and the recollection of what this intimacy is. And having

this knowledge and recollection, we are well aware that in such an atmosphere that which is deepest and truest in us finds expression as it finds it in no other atmosphere. And so, when I recall all this to you, and tell you that it was under such conditions that I have had said to me what I have had said about love, you will understand how it is that such evidence stands alone for me. If such words were uttered by one single individual on only one single occasion, they would have a unique value, they would carry a conviction of their own. The conviction is intensified immeasurably if it is fortified by numbers. And if you happen to be so constituted that intimacy for you is unconditioned, is not a question of class or age or means or occupation, then the cumulative effect of such evidence will be overwhelming. And this being the nature of the evidence in my case, is it to be wondered at that I find it overwhelming?

Taking, then, all together the various evidences I have brought forward, may I not assume that most of us have now come to the conclusion that in our dealings with one another and in our dealings with other nations no other agency will *satisfy* us but the agency of love?

On this assumption may we not have a confident hope that love will prevail in England at no distant period? I believe absolutely that we may, and those who have this hope will be greatly fortified by the possession of it.

But the expression "at no distant period" is vague, and its vagueness is intentional. For I am well aware that the people of England may

now have arrived, as I believe they have, at a period in their history when no other agency but the agency of love will satisfy them, and yet that the final victory of love may be not quite near at hand. The question, then, that we are next faced with is this: What is needed, in order that this time should arrive quickly? We are moving in the right direction towards the establishment among us of brotherly love. How can we quicken the pace? What methods of action, individual or social, can we adopt for the accomplishment of this end?

CHAPTER VII

METHODS OF ACTION

HOW can we quicken the pace? What can we set to work to do definitely, consciously, individually, nationally, with the one clear aim of hastening the day when brotherly love shall prevail among us? In other words, how can it be brought about that more and more people have affection and love for one another? How can brotherly love be made to increase most rapidly, until the time comes when it shall be supreme?

One point must be made perfectly clear before entering upon details. The love we have for our fellows, our brotherly love, must not be a mere vague feeling of benevolent kindness for them; it must be something quite distinct from this, it must go altogether beyond it. Benevolent kindness has not necessarily anything in common with human love. Human love necessarily includes sympathy and tenderness, and these may be almost wholly absent from a mere vague feeling of kindness.

When we have once got into our minds this idea, that it is love, personal love, that we must have, and have begun to try to have it, the whole thing is at once changed for us. It becomes natural, nay inevitable, that we should have it, and for this reason: A vague feeling of kindness is not a

part of the greatest thing in us; there is nothing in it answering to what is strong, deep, essential in our natures. There is no driving impulse about it. All this is changed as soon as we resolve to have personal love for others. The possession of affection and love for many and for all, the same in kind as that which we have for one and for a few, is revolutionary for us; and the possession of it by the mass of a community would be revolutionary for the community, and through it for the world.

With this understanding, then, that brotherly love, social love, love for many and for all must be personal love, the same *kind* of love that we have for one or for a few, let us consider some methods of action that may help to hasten the day of love's final supremacy.

Before entering upon details, I will make one general remark that affects them all. The most direct way, possibly the only way, of increasing the affection and love in the world is to have it ourselves for others in continually increasing numbers, and to show them that we have it. In these last few words lies the root of the whole matter and, it must also be added, the difficulty of it. How our love for others, increasing always in its range, can be made evident to them—this must be left for each individual to decide for himself. I will make no suggestion about it. I will only say this: The hastening of the day when brotherly love shall prevail will depend not merely upon the love for others which we have in our hearts, it will depend also upon how far we can make more and more persons feel and know that we

have love for them. There are very few who will not have affection for us if we can but show them that we have affection for them. Just in so far as we can do this shall we be successful in our purpose. And just in so far as any methods of action help to deepen and widen our love for others, and to make it clear that we have this love for them, will they serve their purpose—that is, hasten the day of love's final victory.

Now for the methods. If I seem to insist somewhat dogmatically upon the special value of those I select, let me say, once for all, that this is simply because they seem to me to be of immense importance. It certainly does not mean that I do not recognise that other methods may not be of immense importance also.

To begin with, everyone should, I think, settle with himself what he should do to make his own private, individual life square with his ideas and desires regarding the hastening of the victory of love. He must endeavour to do this in addition to starting methods of action, or taking part in methods already started, with this aim in view. Each individual has, of course, to satisfy himself, his own conscience, in the matter. I am sure that his work will suffer in all sorts of ways in proportion as he does not face this private, individual concern and act upon it to the extreme point of his ability and opportunities for doing so.

But it is of no use indulging in generalities only. I must take an instance; and the only instance, of course, that I can take is my own. I must take my own case and apply a test to it.

I believe that the poverty and privations of the poor and the superfluity of the rich and well-to-do, taken along with the extravagance and self-indulgence of many of these, is a national shame, and that until this shame is removed no real progress can be made. What is the remedy? Here it is, so far as it can be given in a few words.

We shall, I hope, all be agreed that every human being, if able and willing to work, or too young or old or weak or sick to work, should be enabled to lead a life that will satisfy his reasonable requirements as a member of the community. I can at any rate see no escape from this conclusion, and I shall take it for granted. This is the minimum standard of living that will satisfy us to-day as members of this community. But it is notorious that there are millions of our fellow-countrymen who are quite unable to satisfy these requirements, and an immense number of them the condition of whose lives is indescribably horrible.

So long as this state of things exists and is known to exist, brotherly love cannot prevail among us. For the very fact of its known existence is the denial of the existence of brotherly love among a large section of the community, the comfortably-off section. To this section I belong.

What, then, ought I to do in my own personal, private affairs towards the remedying of this shameful contrast? I have written a book about it, I constantly talk about it. This is more or less public. But this is not enough.

It leaves untouched by me the existence of the concrete fact staring me in the face, a flat contradiction, so long as it exists, to the reasonable ideal of life already set forth. The lives of multitudes of my fellow-countrymen do not satisfy this reasonable ideal. Mine more than satisfies it. Meanwhile, pending some more equitable arrangement affecting the whole community, what can I do in my own personal case so as to come as near as possible towards the satisfaction of the ideal? The thing resolves itself, of course, at last largely into a question of money. Calculating the thing roughly, what sort of income would be necessary to keep, say, a small family in such a condition as to satisfy the requirements of a human existence? Having made up my mind what the amount is, I have now to settle how near I can come to conform to this amount, so as to spend as little as possible in excess of that which seems to me to be reasonable that *all* should be able to spend. I have further to settle in what way I shall dispose of the residue so as best to further the object in view—the hastening of the day of love's victory. Unless I face this problem and set to work to do my best to solve it in my own case, it is for me something like a mockery to go on writing and talking about brotherly love and trying to initiate schemes for hastening its prevalence, or joining in such schemes already initiated.

I have selected this example as being simple and easy of comprehension. It resolves itself, as I have said, largely into a question of money. I have more than I need or deserve. Others have

far less than they need and deserve. The resulting obligation seems inevitable. It is, of course, only one obligation of many. It leaves out, for example, the obligation of social service. But it is, so far as it goes—that is, on the side of economics—fundamental. It is concrete, visible, and capable of a simple test. It goes to the roots of its own matter. I have brought it forward as an illustration of the statement that it seems to me to be of the utmost importance for us to do our best to make our own personal lives square, in the practice of them, with our theories regarding social affairs and obligations and the lives of others. It is, I hope, hardly necessary to add that the test case is taken and applied to myself, simply because this seems the only way, of doing it. All that I want to emphasise is the obligation that in the conduct of our own personal and domestic lives we should do our utmost to practise what we preach. This must be for us the first necessary introduction to any scheme or method of action—the first on the list.

CHAPTER VIII

CLASS

THE class system, as it exists in England to-day, is a fatal barrier to the establishment among us of unity, fellowship, brotherly love. It keeps us apart, prevents us from knowing one another. It is the greatest of all artificial barriers to familiarity and intimacy, and therefore to the hastening of the victory of love.

If the population of England to-day was divided into certain sections roughly representative of their respective occupations, and for some reasons or other these sections were so constituted that familiarity, intimacy, comradeship, friendship were impossible between them—well, there it would be, and we should have to make the best of it. A poor best it would be; for it would mean that, though we are members of the same community, our destiny is to remain ignorant of one another. And really this would seem to be, in a vague sort of way, the conclusion that we have, as a community, arrived at. But the actual facts point to a very different conclusion. The truth is, the whole mass of the English people is *naturally* quite peculiarly adapted for close and familiar intercourse with one another, whatever be their callings and occupations. Several causes contribute to this result. It will be enough for my

purpose to notice two, sufficient of themselves to establish my point.

It seems sometimes to be thought that old families, ancient stocks, long descent, are limited almost entirely to the members of the upper classes. Nothing can be further from the truth. There is no such monopoly, there is no class in which they are not to be found. It is the simple truth that the representatives of the old families of England are as likely to be found living in a poor man's cottage to-day as in a rich man's mansion, in the East End as in the West. Whatever may be its worth, gentle birth is the monopoly of no class. Representatives of ancient families starve or batten everywhere.

If we turn from gentle birth and noble extraction, and consider where gentle manners, nobility of demeanour and greatness of character are to be found, again we find that no class has a monopoly of these. You may see nobility, refinement, dignity, you may see that indescribable, traditional, storied atmosphere that lives in the countenances of some men and women—you may see all this in, I believe, a greater proportion among the poor than among the well-to-do. And greatness of character—this also is to be found sporadically and indifferently among the members of all classes and the followers of all callings. Something more will be added about this when we come to consider what we lose, as a community, by the exclusiveness of the class system. Meanwhile, I think I have said enough to show that, in regard to the existence among us as a community of the gifts and graces of nature and

birth and ancient inheritance, no class and no calling has a monopoly of these. They are scattered freely among all. In all that is natural and traditional we are equal. We start level.

My second point is very different:

We start, as I have said, level. Yes. But what happens subsequently to the members of the different classes in the direction of making it more easy or more difficult for them to meet one another on equal terms, compared with what happened to them, say, only a century ago?

The answer is, that almost everything (everything, I think, with the exception of money) that is happening to us to-day is tending to make it more easy, more natural—I had almost written more inevitable—that we should meet one another familiarly, intimately, on equal terms, as members of one big family—in other words, that the rotten, outworn, out-of-date class barriers should be toppled over and smashed up and we should all be free to know one another.

Take the two extremes of society as existing among us to-day, the poorer and the richer members of the community, and examine them in the light of the education they receive.

Within a single half century a social revolution has occurred in this country which has completely transformed society.* The social gulf which at the beginning of it existed, and seemed likely to exist indefinitely, between the upper classes and the lower has at the end of it dis-

* I have treated this subject in some detail in the pages of *Human Justice* devoted to the consideration of "The Social Revolution." Some portions of this are reproduced in the text above.

appeared. That is, there is now no real, essential social difference. Many causes have contributed to the production of this final result. But the facilities for locomotion and for education are so transcendent that they may for all practical purposes be regarded as of themselves controlling the situation. And of these it will be at once apparent that the education of the people is infinitely the more powerful. It stands alone in its very nature, in its reach, its possibilities, its subtlety, its absolutely incalculable influence upon the individual and upon society. Given the conditions that exist in England—the condition of democracy, of a passionate love of liberty and a sincere love of justice—there remained but one condition to be satisfied in order to place the whole people within a single generation upon terms of equality in all that is really fundamental in a human being. And this condition was satisfied at the moment when Queen Victoria signed her name to the Compulsory Education Act of 1871.

Meanwhile the social revolution has been proceeding before our eyes with startling clearness, if we could but see it. The causes of this revolution are many and are of importance here only in so far as their recognition would help to open our eyes. Compulsory education; the daily papers, to which most of the eminent men of letters contribute; the works of the greatest minds of the past purchasable for a few pence; free libraries and free reading-rooms, free picture-galleries; endless clubs and societies for discussion and debate; and last, increased leisure, owing to the restriction of the hours of the working

day—these and many other causes have combined to produce the final result. And the final result, restated in a single sentence, is this: In all the large essentials of human life the poorer and the richer classes are to-day practically identical.

This brief comparison of these two extreme sections of society will, I hope, be sufficient for my purpose. That is, when taken along with what went before, it will, I hope, be felt that I have said enough to show that the system of class distinction as it exists in England to-day is wholly unnatural and out of date, and is inflicting upon us as members of a community the worst injury conceivable. For it is preventing us from knowing one another.

Why; then, does its existence continue?

In so far as, in a thing of such long standing and so complex, the causes can be stated definitely and in small compass, I believe they are mainly these four: Money; poverty; the fact that we do not see what we are losing by the continuance of this system of estrangement; and, finally, the custom and conservatism of ages.

Money, the possession of it and the pursuit of it, is, I believe, in England to-day the most serious obstacle of all to a just economic arrangement of society and to the establishment of a common fellowship, a common brotherly love. The more I observe, the more I think about it, the more poisonous seem to me the effects of money. The place assigned to it in the "Old Book" is, in certain directions, scientifically correct. The love of money *is* to-day among us in England, in some of the things that go deepest

in our national life, the root of all evil, and he that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye—that is, an eye that serves both its owner and his fellows ill, for it does not see things as they are, with the fatal consequences of such perverted vision. As things stand to-day in England, in this matter of class divisions, money and the love of it—Mammonism—is, I believe, our deadliest and most dangerous enemy, because it is the deadliest and most dangerous enemy of fellowship and love—for it is the great Arch-Separator of us all.

The malign influence of Mammonism is visible everywhere. You never know where you may not find it. Mammonism at one end of society means, always has meant, and always will mean, pauperism at the other. By an absolutely inevitable law, excess and extravagance at one end mean destitution and starvation at the other. If the former is, as it has been shown to be, a fatal obstacle to the triumph of love, so also is the latter. The truth is (and until we see this and act upon it no good will come to us as a nation) there is one obstacle which, so long as it exists among us as it does exist to-day, stands alone as fatal to all true progress of any kind—*the poverty of the poor*. Until we have at least begun to take steps to provide not, let us clearly understand, a temporary alleviation, but a permanent and complete cure for this national shame, nothing vital can be done towards hastening the day of the final victory of love; and for this reason: Until such steps are taken as will lead to a radical cure of the whole thing, the conscience of the nation will remain uneasy, unsatisfied. For talk and act as

we will, we are, almost all of us, uneasily aware of the fact that the existence of all that is included in the present shocking destitution of the poor, in the midst of a country so rich, is a national shame clearly proved, avowed, undeniable. It would be bad enough if the thing were incurable—worse, of course, in one respect, for it would be hopeless. Yes, but in so far as the conscience of the nation is concerned, the incurability of the evil would leave this but little affected. The pain would still be there, but not the shame. It is the shame, the consciousness among us as a nation of the co-existence of immense wealth and immense poverty, a shocking extravagance, self-indulgence, luxury, along with a shocking poverty, hunger, destitution, *and the consciousness at the same time that this shameful state of things is remediable*—it is this that has made it impossible for us, as a nation, to be other than radically uneasy and conscience-stricken. Until we get rid of this sense of a national shame, we can as a nation do no good. *For no good can be done by a nation that is, and remains, conscience-stricken.*

This shame of such poverty existing in a nation alongside of such wealth will be got rid of completely and swiftly in proportion as we recognise clearly the following fact, and never lose sight of it: The poor may have all sorts of vices and weaknesses, just as the comfortably off and the rich may. But it is no good going on hammering all this into us. Their vices, we are told, are great. Very good. But are their virtues not greater? Are they not, indeed, in excess of those

possessed by the monied classes? But really all this talk about virtues and vices in the presence of such a condition of things as stares us in the face to-day is sickening. We are face to face with multitudes of starving and half-starving people, men, women, children, babies, face to face with slums and slum life—the very word is foul and shameful—and we still go on putting off dealing finally with the whole thing, and abolishing it for ever; we still go on talking about destroying the self-respect of the poor, destroying their independence, destroying their thrift, their. . . . But what is it that is destroying their everything worth having, destroying *them*? It can be put finally in less than half a score words, and they will lose none of their force from being repeated by a man who knows at first hand what he is writing about: “Countless pages have been written about poverty, but the sentence in the Old Book, ‘The destruction of the poor is their poverty,’ contains the pith of the matter.”*

Yes, such poverty as is to be seen plentifully in this country to-day *is* the destruction of those on whom it has fixed itself, body, mind, and spirit. When there are cases where this is not so—here we have a miracle indeed. The destruction of the poor is their poverty. Yes, and that same poverty, along with their own superfluity, is the destruction also of the rich. They are doubly destroyed, and their cure can only be brought about by the double remedy which lies ready to their hands to apply. Do they see it, and will

* *Reminiscences of a Stonemason*, by a Working Man. Murray. 1908.

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they apply it? Ready also to their hands lies the only motive power that can ever make either this or any other remedy finally successful—the motive power of love. Do they see this too, and will they apply it?

But I have written elsewhere about this and endeavoured to make people realise the inhuman injustice of it all. I will only add this now: Whatever steps may be taken to cure this curable evil of poverty, I am sure that no methods of action directed to cure it will be successful unless the motive power that is to start the action and keep it going is the motive power of love. Of this also I am sure, that until we have, each in his own way, done all that we can do to start something that may finally cure this double ill of shameful poverty and shameful superfluity, it is a mockery to talk about hastening the victory of love. Set the right remedy a-going, and the love will come and will prevail. Set love a-going, and the remedy will come and will prevail. Neither can succeed alone. They must run in a pair or they will not run at all.

CHAPTER IX

THE COST OF CLASS

I SOMETIMES think that if we once realised what we are all losing by being kept apart, we should refuse to be kept apart any longer, the "locks, bolts, and bars" that imprison us to-day in our dismal class-cells would all "fly asunder," and we should at last be free to know and to love one another.

What, then, are we losing by being kept apart?

There is very little information of the right kind available towards the answering of this question. Naturally; for since the members of the different classes do not know one another, they do not know what they are losing by being kept apart from one another. Members of the different classes do, of course, mix in a way under present conditions, but it is very rarely the best way.

If the intercourse is to be of the right kind, that is, if it is to result in familiar and intimate knowledge of one another, it must satisfy certain conditions. It must be natural, easy, familiar, intimate, ordinary, everyday, and, above all, it must be on equal terms. Also, if it can be started in early life—in the free, innocent, unconscious intermixture natural to children—everything will be at its best. Indeed, without this early inter-

mixture, it is difficult for us ever to have the same kind of familiar knowledge of one another and perfectly equal intimacy as come from the intercourse which is begun in childhood.

How far are these conditions satisfied to-day? How far is such intercourse as does take place between the members of the different classes of the right kind? How far does it tend towards intimacy between them?

Even a superficial knowledge of the facts will show that the right conditions are hardly fulfilled at all, and that consequently the knowledge which members of different classes have of one another helps very little towards the attainment of the only object worth attaining—familiarity, intimacy, and a sense of easy and unconscious equality.

The most common means of intercommunication between members of different classes to-day is that of employer and employed, master or mistress and servant. By this means members of different classes mix with one another under circumstances that bring them together constantly, daily, hourly, and in one department of work—domestic service—under the same roof. It might seem likely, therefore, that here we have conditions under which familiar and intimate knowledge of one another followed as a natural consequence. As a matter of fact, we know this is not so. The persons concerned do not mix, do not know one another familiarly and intimately, simply because the only condition that renders such knowledge possible is absent—the condition of equality. *They do not meet on equal terms.* I cannot enlarge upon this here. But is enlarge-

ment necessary? Is not the fact notorious? In the intercourse of human beings, so long as there is inequality there is superficiality—they do not get below the surface. So long as there is felt to be inequality in our intercourse with one another, there can be no real intimacy, no real friendship.

The intercourse, then, between employer and employed is, as things stand to-day, very unfavourable to personal intimacy, and the intercourse that is most common among members of the different classes to-day is of this very kind. But are there no circumstances under which members of the different classes might be expected to meet on the only conditions that would lead to familiar and easy intimacy, to real knowledge of one another, that is, on the condition of equality? There are many. I will select two—recreations and religion.

Take the instance of outdoor recreations. Here surely we should expect to find equality. I can think of no single outdoor recreation south of the Tweed (with one partial exception) the indulgence in which brings members of the different classes together on equal terms. Take cricket, football, golf, tennis, cycling, motoring. The one exception is cricket. But I am sorry to say that there seems no doubt that the kind of cricket that in earlier days was often the means of bringing together members of different classes under conditions most favourable to familiarity and equality, and all sorts of delightful things, seems to have been for some time steadily on the wane. This was the cricket played all over the country

when I was a boy, in hosts of different clubs, the members of which met during the week for practice, and on Saturdays for matches. Well-to-do people have, it seems, almost deserted that kind of cricket for other pastimes limited almost entirely to members of their own classes. Cricket is therefore, I fear, becoming less and less a democratic game, and is more and more taking its place with football as a game which all classes may watch together as spectators, but in which they less and less frequently take part together as players. Golf and tennis are class games. Cycling is, of course, mainly individual. Motor-ing, as it exists among us to-day as a pastime on the country roads, is not simply unsocial, it is anti-social to a degree unprecedented in our national life and history.

If, then, outdoor games and pastimes can be taken as a fair example of the trend of things socially in regard to our national recreations, enough has, I think, been said to show that they contribute little or nothing towards bringing together members of different classes under such conditions as lead naturally to an intimate knowledge of one another. For they either do not bring them together at all, or, if they do, they bring them together almost always as social superiors and inferiors respectively.*

In regard to religion I limit myself, of course, to the consideration of the following point: How far does our religion affect us as members of a

* In county cricket matches, for example, the "Gentlemen" and "Professionals," though playing together in the same elevens, keep up distinctions which surely must be repugnant to them both as men. The lunch bell rings—and they lunch apart.

community socially? How far, for example, does the fact that a number of persons belong to a particular religious body help towards establishing a feeling of equality among them?

I will take the case of the Established Church of England. There has never been a time in which the clergy of the Church of England worked so devotedly among the poorer members of society as they have done in the last half century and are doing to-day. Anybody who knows the facts knows that this is so. But, so far as I can tell, there is no evidence to show that the result of all this work has been in the direction of breaking down the barriers of class and producing social equality among the different members of society. This is a strange comment upon the fact that their common religion is the religion of Christ. For the religion of Christ is nothing if it is not a religion of brotherly love and social equality. We should surely have expected that membership in such a religion would have rendered the establishment and continuance of class divisions impossible. We should indeed have expected that such membership would have rendered it inevitable that the members would have been members one of another, would have known one another intimately, familiarly, equally. But the facts are otherwise.

How long is this strange contradiction to last? How long are the members of this great body of Christians to go on receiving almost no help from the religion of Christ towards making them know one another as friends and equals, and therefore making them love one another? I believe it

will not be long. I believe there is stirring within the Church of England, and in all the other Churches also, that which is destined to hasten the day when Church membership will help greatly towards human membership, human fellowship, equality, love.

The instance of the Church of England is sufficient for my purpose. It is the national Church. It appeals to no special class, it claims to be catholic. If the fact of its failure socially hitherto is as I have stated it to be, there is, I am sure, no occasion to seek for further evidence on this subject.

In taking these examples of the recreations and the religion of the people, enough has, I hope, been brought forward to show that, if we turn our eyes and thoughts to the great elementary things that concern the lives of the whole people, there is little or nothing to help us if we seek to know what we are all losing by being kept apart, by being kept ignorant of one another.

But there is one source of information open to us all—printed matter on the subject of the habits, lives, and characters of the people. Of this there is an almost limitless amount dealing with the idiosyncrasies of various classes. The results, so far as I can judge, have not tended much to give the members of the different classes such knowledge about one another as to make them realise what they are losing by being kept apart, what they would gain by breaking down the barriers of class.

I have come to the conclusion that I shall stand the best chance of writing something which may

help those who read it to realise what we are losing by being kept apart from one another, if I state what I feel that I myself have gained from the circumstances of my own early life.

I have already stated my belief that, if there is to be established among members of the different classes that sense of easy and unconscious familiarity and equality without which there can be no real intimacy, the best means of getting this is by a common association and education in childhood. It is solely because this has happened to me that I attach any special value to anything I have to say upon the subject now before us.

* It was my good fortune to be educated at one of the old grammar schools in a small country town. It was a free school. Its doors stood open to all sorts and conditions of boys, with absolutely no social test, and by all sorts and conditions of boys its doors were entered. The sons of the professional men of the place and the sons of the labourer were there.

As to the general social effects produced upon me by this completely indifferent mixing of classes, as compared with the education at an ordinary Public School, let me say this: Though doubtless the Public School boy possessed certain advantages which I did not possess, yet in one very important feature the advantage clearly belonged to me. The external circumstances of the school days of most Public School boys have usually been such as to isolate them, to confine them almost entirely to members of their own class.

* In what follows I have made some extracts from a book that I wrote in 1885, entitled *Suggested Reforms in Public Schools*.

Over their eyes the veil has been drawn; and before they can see clearly, it must be removed by themselves later on. Over my eyes it never was drawn. All through my boyhood the vision was unobstructed. Easy and familiar intercourse with the poorer classes was natural to me. Many a man who has not grown up with this as a boy never acquires it as a man; many only half acquire it; and to few does it ever become easy and natural.

The stamp of all this upon me was indelible. It has never left me and never will. It has been an inexpressible boon to me in all sorts of ways. I recognised this little or not at all at the time. This is the way of youth and it is, on the whole, its best way. As I passed out of youth I saw it all, and I see it all now. It made me different from almost all the men of my own class that I met at Cambridge and that I have met ever since. Many of these are democrats, but most of them have had to become so. I was a democrat already, simply because there had never been a time when I had not known all sorts and conditions, and made my friends indifferently from the members of all classes. And this it is that is to the point here. I know what I should have lost if I had lost this. And I know therefore what others are losing by the loss of it. What the loss is, and what the gain would be if they possessed it, I will try now to express as clearly as I can.

My mind travels back over half a century, and I wonder what my life would have been for all those years, and would be to-day, if the barriers of class had been barriers for me, if I had had from

my boyhood until to-day the freedom of one class only—my own. What should I have lost? What should I be losing now?

I have already shown that our national recreations, as indulged in to-day, contribute little or nothing towards bringing together members of the different classes under conditions that lead naturally to an intimate knowledge of one another. The conditions of my early life were very different.

I will take one game, and it will serve for all. For cricket gains most in proportion as it is social, and loses most in proportion as it is not social. I write this confidently, for I have played cricket ever since I can remember with members of every class and players of every degree of skill, whether amateurs or professionals. Cricket is essentially a national game. In so far as it is a class game, it loses its true quality and its chief reason for existence.

What, then, has cricket done for me socially, as helping to do away with class barriers, encouraging a free and easy familiarity and equality, enlarging the horizon of things, increasing good-fellowship, comradeship, intimacy, equality, friendship, and all that goes along with such things? Played as it has been my good fortune to play it, cricket has, in all these great human things, been of inexpressible service to me.

As we played it in the villages and towns of a country district in the sixties and thereabouts, what grand times we had together, and how rich is the recollection of them! And the essence of the whole thing was the breadth and variety of

it, and the freedom from class distinctions of any kind. As I look back upon it to-day, I see what a grand thing it was in my life, how genial, humorous, human, jolly. There was a grim seriousness sometimes about the matches; they were real fights, with the incidents natural to a state of war. The tension on such occasions was sometimes great, and the characters and personalities of the fighters came out now and then in strange and unexpected revelations. And it was what it was just because we were such a job lot, just because we were drawn indifferently from various classes.

As I consider it carefully and compare it with the cricket of later times, I see quite clearly that this was so. This later cricket was mainly class cricket. If I had not known the cricket of my early years I should have said that this other could not be beaten, for it, too, was—well, it was cricket, and that means a good deal to a cricketer. But the old country cricket wasn't a game only, it was a liberal education. Compared with it, the cricket of my later years was, as a game of skill, in some respects superior; but as a national game, a human game, it was nowhere. And I am told that we have to say good-bye to this old-fashioned cricket. If so, we are saying good-bye to much that makes life most worth living—for it won't go alone. But I don't believe it. It may be good-bye for to-day, but not for to-morrow.

Well, this was one of the recreations of my boyhood and early manhood. I learnt from it something of what we stand to lose by being

kept apart from one another. Shall I be told that the instance of a single game can't carry as much as I want to make it carry? On the contrary, I can't make it carry a tenth part of what it ought to carry. If all over the country to-day cricket was played as it might be played and has been played, this alone would help greatly to break down these dismal class barriers.

Not everyone plays cricket. No, but everyone has, or should have, his own methods of employing his leisure time, his own forms of recreation, and among these games will always have a place.

Confining myself to the special recreation of games, I will end what I have now to say about it with this question, which I will leave the reader to consider: What would be the effect upon us as a nation *socially*, if in all the games all over the country, among all those who played in them, there was an absolutely free and familiar mixture of all members of the community, of whatever class or calling?

I have yet to answer the general question: What should I have lost if from my early boyhood till to-day the barriers of class had been barriers for me?

Any answer that I can give must be partial and general. It is impossible for me to tell others in detail and completely what the loss of all this would have been and would be to me, for the simple reason that I could not in detail and completely tell myself. My meaning will be made clearer perhaps if I say that the question might be put better in some ways if it were put nega-

tively: What should I not have lost? For, if I had lost what from my boyhood till to-day I have gained by the non-existence for me of the class barriers, I should have lost almost everything worth having. I can think of nothing in my life into which the influence of all those early years does not enter in smaller or greater measure. What I am, I am largely owing to the social openness of my early life. Whatever I know or do not know about myself, I know this—I know that the broadest, deepest, most human part of me is there because of that sense of a common, easy, familiar sympathy, fellowship, intimacy, equality, not with the members of this or that section of society, but with them all. Beauty, friendship, joy, truth, religion, love—all these great things are to me what they are in their pursuit and in their attainment, in the vastest imaginable ideal of them, or in the smallest bit of any of them realised in the smallest concrete concerns of my life, just in so far as there is associated with them the thought of the general brotherhood of human beings—unclassed, familiar, intimate, equal, free.

Does this sound vague to you and in the air? To me it is all definite, concrete, personal, and filled cram-full with human life and human beings and the land on which they dwelt or dwell. It is an inalienable part of almost everything I have done and have most loved to do, and of almost everyone I have known and have most loved to know. Persons, places, times, incidents, words, looks—whatever it is, it has to do with human beings. They live or lived on the solid earth,

which, whatever sky is above it, is dear to me because they are there or once were there. And if I ask myself what I should have lost if I had lost the free and common intercourse with *all*, unconscious of any distinctions due to classes or callings or clothes or any such unhuman conventions, then all these present themselves to me as they were in the days of the past and as they are to-day. The freedom, the reach, the variety, the humanity and warmth of it all—much of all this I should never have known, I should have lost, if those gloomy class barriers had kept us apart.

What may it not mean to us to be up before the sun is up, while the meadows are still wet with the welcome dew, to take our place in the swath with the mowers, and to join in the rhythmic swing of the scythes as the fragrant meadow grass falls before them?

This is only an instance. But it is an instance that has a special bearing upon what we are now considering. It means the joining in a common craft of the people, and with those who pursue it. Without such things as these, what would my life be, and what should I be? Losing them, what should I not have lost? There is hardly a single great enjoyment of my life which would not either have been lost to me entirely, or greatly marred, by the loss of such things as these and of the memories of them.

I was sitting one day in the cottage of a workman whom I have known for a good many years. He has worked at his craft for half a century, and is as vigorous, active, strong, tough, and

sturdy in his sixties as he was in his twenties. He is rather shy and reserved and of few words. He is now in a small way of business for himself, and is a very proverb of inflexible honesty.

We sat and talked, and there happened that day to be a reason why we should talk about friendship, and how it is hindered by the barriers of class, and all that this means. He was very quiet, and rather sad and silent. And then, more to himself than to me, thinking not aloud, but half aloud, he let fall these words: "It's very cold-like."

That is it. He summed up for us both in those few words all that we had been saying, and he sums up in them all that any of us can say about these class barriers that are keeping us apart, shutting us out from the warmth of life, so that we perish, as all things always perish when the sun of life is kept from them—*It's very cold-like.*

This, too, is only an instance. It would be easy to go on giving instances, but I would rather leave this alone. Is it not sufficient? If we do not see from such an instance as this, if we do not feel from such words as these what we are all losing by being kept apart, then other instances of other sorts are not, I think, likely to do this for us. We are being kept out in the cold by being kept apart. Don't we see this? Don't we feel it?

This man is an example of numberless men and women that we are debarred from knowing and loving. And the barrier is class.

The most intimate friends I have are mostly those of my own class. Why? Simply because,

being of the same class, we were thrown together and have been kept together, more or less. That is the reason—it is a question of juxtaposition. I am speaking of intimate friends and of friendship. We have all met persons of whom we feel pretty sure that, if we went on meeting them, there would be between us close friendship. What the bond is, we might find it impossible to state other than very incompletely. It is too subtle for ultimate analysis, but there it is. It is not a question of class or callings or common interests, or anything of the kind. It is a question of spirit, and it bloweth where it listeth.

I have yet to notice the last hindrance to the removal of the barriers of class, what I have called the custom and conservatism of ages. It need not detain us, for the simple reason that it is already disappearing, and that its disappearance will be hastened in proportion as we feel what we are all losing by being kept apart from one another.

I believe, as I have stated elsewhere, that it is possible for us to have a general love for one another—something, that is, entirely distinct from a general sense of kindness—as members of the same community. Nay, I believe that in proportion as this love comes to be universal, so shall we be near the realisation of all that is greatest realisable by man. Beauty, truth, courage, the reach of the imagination, the joy of life and of all that life can give—these things will come to us in proportion as there is among us, felt and known to be there, a common love for one another. And one of these great gifts of life

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is the gift of friendship, the gift of something that goes, in its degree, beyond the general love of each of us for all. Why is it that our friendships are so few? I do indeed believe that it is because our common love for one another does not yet prevail. But I also believe that it is because our choice among those who are our neighbours is so limited—limited by our coldness, our conventionalities, and, most of all, by the barriers of class.

In every village and town there are friends waiting for us and we for them. But as things are to-day, we can't get at one another, we can't get to know one another and to go on knowing one another. If the class barriers were removed we should be free to do all this, and we should do it. And having done it, we should have satisfied the only conditions necessary to make friends and enjoy them. That is, we should have had a wide choice, and our friends would also be our neighbours. They would be living near us, and this is the very joy of life. For the joy of life is the love that is in it, and the closer the love the greater the joy. And much of all this is forbidden to us to-day by the barriers of class.

When I think of what we have been deprived of for all these years and are being deprived of to-day, this whole class business seems to me to bring with it nothing less than a foul blight upon our lives. We sometimes see blight descend upon plant life as the consequence of withering cold and sunlessness. And it is the same with human life. These black and impenetrable class barriers shut

out from our lives the sun and the warmth. For the sun of our lives is the love that is in the world. Open them to the sun, and they will blossom as the rose.

CHAPTER X

NEIGHBOURLINESS

I HOPE I have written enough to show that the barriers of class as they exist to-day are fatal to the prevalence among us of fellowship and love, for the simple reason that they prevent us from knowing one another freely, familiarly, equally, and that without such knowledge there can, of course, be no intimacy, no friendship.

What then can we do, each one for himself individually, and all of us together collectively, so as to be able to know one another, without reference to class or calling or anything of the kind?

In the first place we should at once set to work to reverse the unsocial policy of physical separation which has been for many years going on at an ever-increasing pace.

London is only an extreme example of a policy which is being pursued in almost every town and village throughout the whole country. In almost all of these there is to-day an East End and a West End. The East-enders and the West-enders occupy districts of their own, that is, they live apart from one another. They are not neighbours, and it is therefore difficult for them, even if they desire it, to become friends.

Instances may happily be quoted where public

bodies are adopting the opposite of this estranging policy. First Garden City, Letchworth, and the Hampstead Garden Suburb Trust are, each in its own way, bringing together into close physical juxtaposition people of different occupations and classes. By making them neighbours they are, so far as they can help towards this end, making them friends. But all such examples are indeed but a drop withdrawn from "the unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea" which rules our severance to-day, as members of a community, and makes the very use of these last words a mockery.

Those of us who want to get to know one another, irrespective of class or calling, will have the best chance of doing so if we can manage to live near one another. It is impossible to place any limits to the good results that might follow from this juxtaposition. "Out of sight out of mind" applies very forcibly to these social matters; and though just at this moment we are not concerned with the subject of poverty and riches, I cannot forbear saying that if well-to-do and ill-to-do were to live near one another in the same streets and roads, I am sure neither the one nor the other would long present such contrasts as they do to-day in their dwellings and in their expenditures. Well-to-do people simply could not be both neighbours and friends of poorer people and yet go on allowing the present inequalities to continue. That is, one result of their being neighbours and friends would be the end of the present shame of the co-existence of poverty and riches as they are to be seen among us to-day.

But just now I am concerned with another

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aspect of the effect upon us of living near one another, whatever be our callings. It would give us, as nothing else can, the opportunity of getting to know one another intimately and of keeping up such intimacy. For again I must say that far the best method of making and maintaining friendships is the method of neighbourliness. We must be neighbours to one another, and then we shall be—at least we shall be able to be—friends. At present we are living apart from one another physically, and one of the consequences of this is that we are living apart from one another socially. So long as this continues there is no chance given to us of knowing one another (excepting in very rare cases and with much difficulty) freely, intimately, equally. Actual physical, material barriers stand in the way of the growth and prevalence among us of fellowship and love. They are removable under one condition—that we desire their removal. Do we desire their removal? In other words, do we desire to live near one another? To limit the question: Do the well-to-do desire to live near to the ill-to-do? If so, we are within sight of the end. We shall live near to them, and the result of this would be the establishment of fellowship and love. Is it too much to hope for this way of establishing it? We can at least try, as individuals, to help to bring this about, even though the complete accomplishment of it lies outside us, is not within our own individual control. What does not lie outside us, what is within our own individual control is—*ourselves*. Each one of us that desires to know his fellows, with all the joy that may

come from this, can at least, in the management of his own private concerns, endeavour so to arrange them as to live near to his fellows of all sorts, and not only, as usually happens to-day, to his fellows of only one sort. I know that there are often difficulties, and sometimes great difficulties, in the way of doing this. But if, possessed of a great desire to know all sorts of our fellow-men, we can manage to satisfy this desire by becoming their neighbours, we shall thereby have done something inexpressibly joyful for ourselves, and helped others also towards the same end.

Neighbourhood, whatever be our callings and conditions, would, if we became neighbours because we desired to do so, mean neighbourliness. Neighbourliness would mean what I have been trying to show that it would mean, only infinitely more. For friendship and affection for one another are not to be measured in a few pages or in any pages.

I have twice referred to the subject of religion; first, to show that the religion which the people care about to-day is the religion of love; and next, that the existing forms and practices of religion seem to give to those who follow them very little help in the direction of increasing their familiar knowledge, and therefore their love, of one another. However this apparent contradiction is to be explained, the fact itself is indisputable.

I believe there is presented to the Churches to-day a great opportunity to make their religion a means of establishing among us fellowship and

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love to an extent unknown before. And the way to do this is by putting into practice the belief which they certainly hold—that their members are all equals, that that which keeps them apart is artificial, inhuman, and entirely opposed to the elementary principles of their religion as instituted by its Founder; that that which unites them is the very essence of their religion, as it was the genius and inspiration of its Founder.

I venture to make to the leaders of the religious thought and of the various religious bodies in the country some suggestions in the direction of making the members of these bodies know one another freely, intimately, equally, irrespective of class or calling. I do this because I think that, among other objects of interest and importance which are engaging the attention of the Churches, this object seems somehow to have largely escaped notice, and that if attention is called to it action may follow.

In the first place—and far above all other things—it should be recognised and continually insisted upon that the one great, unchanging belief common, among all their differences, to all the Churches is that their religion is a religion of love and that they are members one of another, with the consequence that when one member suffers all suffer. No limits can be placed to the possible consequences of a complete realisation of this fact. It is, I think, almost solely due to an insufficient realisation of it that such strange contradictions are to be seen among religious bodies to-day. Realise, get into our heads and hearts the truth that our religion is

nothing if it is not a religion of love, and then all need for suggestions of particular forms of action will cease to exist. Meanwhile I venture to make the following:

In every place where members of a Church meet, whatever be the object of the meeting, it should be simply a flat impossibility that there should be any social distinctions whatever. Here, if anywhere, the distinctions of class, money, calling, dress, and anything of the kind should simply not exist. But they do exist.

Take, for example, the sacred buildings themselves—sacred, many of them, with the presence and the memories, century after century, of the followers of Christ. The distinction between well-to-do and poor is almost as marked there as it is in the stalls and gallery of a theatre.

Another point: Has not the time arrived when it is possible for the members of every religious denomination to sink all differences of dogmatic belief in the presence of the one great doctrine common to them all—the doctrine of fellowship and love—and to join in the splendid endeavour to translate this doctrine into action in all social questions? Already there have been, here and there, occasions when ministers of various denominations have sunk their other differences in a broad general agreement on some great national social subject crying out to be set right—such as, for example, drink or unemployment. And the results of even such isolated instances of community of action have been great. But who can set a limit to what would happen if such agreement was invariable on all great social subjects?

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Religion is an example of a fundamental element of human life permeating society and embodied not rarely in ancient and sacred traditions and institutions. As such, it offers us the means of meeting on a common ground with a great common interest, and gives us therefore the opportunity of knowing one another on equal and intimate terms. It is the only instance of the kind that I can enlarge upon now, though there are, of course, other things permeating, each in its own way, the lives of the whole people—such as, for example, the recreations of the people and their education—and giving us similar opportunities of knowing one another intimately and equally.

Let me, in conclusion, consider what any of us who desire to know all sorts of people, and not one sort only, can do personally, privately, domestically to attain this end.

It is often said that the difficulties in the way of easy and familiar intimacy between members of different classes come just as much, if not more, from the poorer as from the richer classes. The statement is both correct and incorrect. It is correct if the well-to-do person is not entirely at ease with the other; it is incorrect if he is. The truth is, very few well-to-do people are entirely at ease, in the sense of feeling on terms of entire equality, with members of the poorer classes. And the inevitable consequence of this is, of course, some degree of uneasiness on both sides. Most well-to-do people can remove this fatal barrier to intimacy, fellowship, love, on one condition. They must know and feel that these

poorer people are, in almost everything that most matters, usually not only their equals but their superiors. Once know this and feel it, and there will be no fear of there being any obstacle to that easy and equal intimacy between members of the two classes which is an absolute necessity for real fellowship and friendship. With this condition satisfied, there is no doubt about our getting to know poorer people intimately, if we desire to do so and can see enough of them. How can we do this last? Each of us must give such answer to this question as he can. The ways to it are as diverse as the difficulties, and each of us must solve them in his own way.

I will confine myself now to the consideration of a situation where, whether we will or no, we cannot help seeing a great deal of certain members of the poorer classes, for they live under the same roof with us.

In their passage from feudalism to socialism not one of our national institutions presents to-day so clear an example of the process of transition as does domestic service. Nowhere else is the parting of the ways so distinct. In this example we see feudalism giving way and social equality taking its place under conditions that are specially favourable for observation; for it is going on in tens of thousands of houses to-day, and those concerned in it are living together under the same roof. They are living together under the same roof, but they are living distinct lives there. One single illustration will suffice to show this: They live in different rooms and never have a common meal together. And

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this is equally true whether there be one servant or a dozen—they live apart. Such knowledge as they have of one another is not worth the name, for there is no equality about it.

In the old days—and for these we need go no further back than half a century—feudalism prevailed in domestic service throughout and was unquestioned on both sides. And if this were the place for such a narrative, many instances might be given of the tenderest love on both sides under the old system. For the love of an old servant in the old days was a thing by itself, and can be recalled by many of us who have arrived at middle age. It was a very beautiful thing. Such as it was, it cannot be repeated. It belongs already to another age. It has gone. It may be replaced some day by something equally beautiful and more enduring, inasmuch as that upon which the new love will rest is not transitory as was feudalism. For social equality is permanent.

But this is a digression. To-day feudalism is perishing in the region of domestic service, as everywhere. What can we do to-day, the day of transition, in the direction of knowing our servants and their knowing us, on the only terms that will give us a chance of really knowing one another—that is, on terms of social equality?

The one thing that would help to remove the obstacles to such knowledge more than all others put together is that we should strongly desire their removal, that is, desire social equality between ourselves and our servants. With this desire there will follow practical methods, wholehearted, persistent, meant to be successful, and

destined therefore to succeed. Without this desire, whatever be the means adopted, they will not succeed, for they will not really be intended to be successful.

Our domestic circumstances differ so greatly that it would be useless to attempt to give details covering all cases. There is no room here and no need, if there were, for such details. All such will follow in due course, on one condition—that we do really desire social equality with our servants and all that this means. Do we really desire this? If we do, we shall soon get it for ourselves. We know our own circumstances and difficulties, and we shall adapt things to these. Social equality with everyone under the same roof we shall soon possess, with all the happiness that goes with it. Our very houses will be different places, and all those under their roofs will be different people. And we shall have started something in little which will soon develop into something big. There is no exaggeration about this, it is the simple fact. For if we have solved the problem of social equality in domestic service, we shall have solved the problem under the most difficult conditions known to us to-day.

CHAPTER XI

NATIONAL PROBLEMS

IT remains to consider some of the great national and social reforms we might help to further, and so hasten the day of love's supremacy.

What can be stated on these subjects in a few pages must of necessity be very brief, but it has seemed to me that even this small volume would be quite inadequate if it did not contain some statement of the sort of reforms that seem most urgent to-day, and of the practical means to accomplish them. Unless I attempted this some readers might feel that, whilst I had made it clear that the only motive power that could accomplish great human ends is the power of love, I had not made it clear what those ends are—what, in other words, has to be moved.

Without doubt one of our most pressing needs is the scientific organisation of our resources of all kinds, and the scientific management of our affairs in the interests of the whole community and of every single member of it. We want scientific organisation all round. In simpler language, we want to do what has to be done, whatever it may be, in the best way.

Take, as one general example, the subject of economics.

I believe that the only way to attain the max-

imum good for the community as a whole, and for every individual in it, is that the nation should possess all the means of production and distribution, and should scientifically organise them in the interests of the whole people. That is, I believe in Socialism.

It will be seen that in the above statement there is included not only the economic but also the ethical side of Socialism. Indeed, the former without the latter might be quite useless. The resources of the country are to belong to the people and to be organised in the best interests of them *all*. In other words, the subject of economics will not be treated scientifically—that is, in the best way—unless it is also treated ethically. This is a great far-reaching truth and cannot be too carefully borne in mind. It is far more widely applicable than it is generally supposed to be.

First, and most urgent of all great national reforms, stands a subject to which I have already drawn attention—the present condition of about two millions of people sunk in destitution and misery degrading, shameful, cruel, curable. No one who knows anything about it denies it, and those who know the most about it at first hand and on the spot know also that this condition of things is getting worse. To write and talk about brotherly love, about loving one another, with the knowledge and sight of all this before us would, of course, be impossible excepting on one condition—that we were at the same time doing what we could to discover and apply not a temporary alleviation of it, but a complete

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cure, abolition and prevention. As to what methods should be employed to arrive at this end there will doubtless be some difference of opinion. But I believe the conviction is steadily strengthened by observing, reading, listening, and thinking, that if only there is agreement as to the end, the differences among those who are giving the subject serious attention as to the practical means to be adopted will soon cease to exist. At the head, therefore, of the list of things that demand to be done at once is the sweeping away of this grievous national shame. I must add that I am sure that it can be swept away clean from among us for ever on one condition only. No matter how perfect may be the system proposed for the remedying of the evil, it can only be remedied if the motive power behind it is that of brotherly love. Just in proportion to the quantity and quality of this love among us will be our success or our failure in the application of the remedy. Until this fact is recognised and acted upon, nothing of any real importance will be done in the matter; but when it is, we are already within sight of the end.

Having determined to tackle this national shame of destitution and to abolish it, we shall find ourselves at once face to face with other great national problems.

It is, of course, impossible that a country should contain some two million destitute people without containing a far larger number who are on the verge of destitution. And so we find that in this country, in addition to these two million of destitutes, there are about ten million who are

known to be "on the verge of hunger." Any enlargement upon this bare statement is impossible here. We are still face to face with "the abiding tragedy of the proletariat." The amazing and almost incredible part of it is that in a country so wealthy as this, and in a country whose inhabitants are, on the whole, so tender-hearted, such a condition of things should have been allowed to go on for so many years—though fully recognised and publicly avowed to exist—unremedied, unprevented. And all the time we are fully aware that it is preventible. How preventible, does not concern us now. What does concern us is that this problem of the living wage—for this is, of course, what it amounts to—is one of the problems that we must attack and *must solve*.

I am quite sure that if we were to solve this problem we should at the same time have solved, or be on the way to solve, almost all the other great national problems that await solution. If any reader does not at once agree with this confident assertion, I beg him to give the subject further consideration. For I believe that the more he considers it the nearer will he come to complete agreement with my confidence. He will, I believe, at least come to this conclusion—that if we cannot cure everything by the establishment of a living wage, we can at any rate cure almost nothing without it.

In closest connection with all this stands the subject of education.

So long as our national education—including in this all education given to all classes and ages—remains what it is to-day, there will remain also

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much that is radically unsound in the condition of the people, and that must, whatever efforts may be made to improve this condition, remain unsound, with this unreformed. The main principles to aim at in the reform of national education seem to be so certain, simple, and few that I will state them now.

Manual training of some kind should be regarded as a necessity.

A certain minimum standard of what is sometimes called a liberal education must be aimed at for *all*. In this must be included a thorough knowledge of the history of England and of India and a general knowledge of world history; a knowledge of at least some of the writings of great Englishmen; and an acquaintance—not limited to that supplied by books only—with some branches of natural science.

This satisfied, the education should be regarded as quite incomplete which does not aim at giving a thorough grasp of some one single great subject. I wish I could enlarge upon this. But I must content myself with saying that I have come to believe absolutely that a thorough knowledge, so far as it goes—and the further it goes the better—of some one single great subject has an effect not only upon the intellect, but also upon the character, incalculably far-reaching and formative. It tends to give the possessor of it certain qualities of immense service both to him and to the community of which he is a member. By supplying him with a high standard of excellence, it makes him dissatisfied with anything that stops short of the best; it gives him a kind of joy in

the pursuit of knowledge, the pursuit of truth, which it is open to almost all of us to possess, but which is possessed, I think, by comparatively few; it gives him precisely the right kind of modesty in his judgment and criticism of others; and finally, it contributes greatly to the formation of a certain kind of dignity and simplicity of character—the two words meaning very much the same thing, but neither of them sufficient by itself—which is the very essence and root of much that is best and noblest in a human being.

Lastly, national education should be democratised. Whatever education, whether of body, mind, or spirit, is best for the individual and for the community of which he is a member should be given to all alike.

No one can pay much attention to social subjects without coming sooner or later to the subject of drink. Fortunately the whole thing has in recent years been greatly simplified. As the result of recent scientific investigations we know now with absolute certainty that, save in very exceptional conditions, the taking of alcohol, even in what is called moderation, is from the point of view of health and vigour and vitality not only not beneficial, but harmful. Alcohol may eventually take its place as a drug, but as a beverage it is, on scientific grounds, doomed. Enlargement upon its evil effects would be out of place here, and if it were in place it would be superfluous; for there is, I suppose, no national evil the history and effects of which have been made so familiar to us all. But there is one effect of it, in one respect the most terrible of all, which, if it

were generally known to the extent of our clearly realising as individuals and as a community what it meant, would, I cannot doubt, affect us to a greater extent, because in a different way, than we have ever been affected before.

The effects of alcoholism are, as we know, not limited to those immediately affected by it. For example, the effects of it, in the case of the father or the mother of a family, may be ruinous all round, a ruin quite evident to all who behold it. The father drinks, and the mother and children suffer accordingly. The father drinks no longer, and the mother and the children no longer suffer. That is, the father is master of his family's fate. All that he has to do is to stop his evil habit, and therewith he stops his family's sufferings.

But there is one effect of alcoholism produced directly on the child by the father or mother which, if it has once occurred, is removed for ever afterwards from their control. A child may be born into the world with the seeds of alcoholic degeneracy implanted in it previous to its birth by an alcoholised parent. No limits can be set to the injury thus imposed by a parent upon a child, inflicted beyond recall and, it may be, beyond reparation. It is of course true that every child is born into the world inheriting the whole of the past of its progenitors for unknown ages. But here the actual parents may be innocent. It is also true that the taint of alcoholic poison may continue for more than one generation, but it is always with a weakened virulence, the most deadly effects of the poison being

directly transmitted from parent to offspring. Surely the knowledge of this tremendous fact should be made unmistakably clear to every human being, with all its significance. And surely also the full realisation of it might help to prevent men and women who were or who might at any time become parents from taking into themselves a poison which, however attractive to themselves, might have such terrible consequences upon the children impregnated with it.

I have dwelt upon this particular effect of alcohol because I think it has not been sufficiently emphasised by temperance reformers. But I must say that I have comparatively little interest in drawing attention to the drink question, so long as the circumstances of so many millions are such that the temptation to drown them in drink is often so overwhelmingly strong. To go on talking and writing about the effects of drink when its chief cause is preventible, but not prevented, may well seem to those who know most about it mere mockery.

In close connexion with the subject of drink, but with a yet wider sweep, stands the subject of the nation's food. That this subject has received so much less attention than it deserves from those interested not only in temperance reform, but in the health and happiness and whole welfare of the people, is a matter of ceaseless wonder to me. Take, as an example, the various articles of food that are subjected to more or less manipulation, manufacture, adulteration before reaching the consumer. It really would not be such a difficult subject to deal with successfully if only we could

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make up our minds as a community to deal with it as a whole, with the fixed determination that we would at least know what it was that we were eating and drinking, and would shape our action according to the results of that knowledge. But hitherto the subject has not been dealt with seriously at all.

I have something to add upon what is known under the often misleading name of vegetarianism. All I can do is to make a bare statement of the conclusions I have arrived at and of some of the reasons for them. I believe that the abstinence from the flesh of all animals and the substitution of a diet of cereals, fruit, and vegetables, with the addition of milk and its products for young children and many adults, would, excepting for a very small proportion of the population, mainly older people, be productive of immeasurable benefit to the health both of our bodies and minds, and would contribute greatly to the joy and fellowship of us all. To particularise a little : There are grounds for hoping that it would much reduce the number of cases of cancer, and would reduce to the minimum some diseases now greatly on the increase—for example, appendicitis. I believe also that drunkenness and the taking of alcohol would soon almost cease, largely because the desire for alcohol would cease, especially if a good deal of fruit was eaten. Further, the stimulus given to the cultivation of the soil for the production of fruits and vegetables would be most beneficial in various directions. And finally, I believe that the taking of this simple, natural, unadulterated diet would have far-

reaching results in the region of our social lives, our feelings towards animals and one another, our friendliness, fellowship, love. The more we think about the subject the further shall we find it to go, often surprising and rejoicing us in its reach and depth. Simplicity of food will make for simplicity altogether to a degree still largely unrealised; and since simplicity all round is what we stand in special need of just now, the influence of this change of diet would, if I am anywhere near the truth, be incalculably vital.

I will take as my last instance the land of the country.

That the land upon which a people dwells is the property of the people would, if we had not become accustomed to something else, seem to be as self-evident as that the air which they breathe is their property. The one is no less vital to them than the other, for deprived of either of them they perish. There is no exaggeration in the statement that he who owns the land owns the people. Where a country is sparsely inhabited, where the inhabitants do not live mainly in densely populated towns, the fact that the land does not belong to the people does not necessarily force itself upon the notice of the people. But such a condition of things has for some time ceased to exist in this country, and the fact does now force itself upon our notice. It is to-day not only ripe for settlement, but for settlement under the best possible conditions for success. For it is not only the poorer members of society who are convinced that the land on which a people dwells should be the property of the

people. Well-to-do people also are beginning to share the same conviction. If you want the best test of the truth of this assertion you must turn not to public but to private utterances, for it is here that you will get at what people are really thinking on the subject. Applying this test, the result in my own case is as follows: I can recall hardly a single instance where, in the quietness of private conversation, it has not been recognised that the private ownership of land as at present existing ought to be done away with. I know well enough, of course, that when you come to public utterances and public actions you come to a very different story. This makes not the smallest difference to the fact as I have stated it or to the conclusion deducible from it, which is this: The inhabitants of this country are, as a whole, beginning to feel that the land on which the people dwell ought to be the property of the people, and that the time has now arrived when means should be taken to put this feeling into practice.

The nationalisation of the land has for many years and for many reasons seemed to me to stand by itself as an illustration of the principles of Socialism on its economic side. Of these reasons I will now give only one: It appeals, or should appeal, to the human side of every one of us, and the appeal goes down, or should go down, deep. Once get a united feeling among us all on this subject of the land, and I at least have no fear but that the right and just means will be taken to put these feelings into action. And I have no fear about much more than this. Once get this started, and we shall have given

a start to much else that has to do with the welfare and the joy of the whole community. For the recognition of the great fact that the land belongs to the people, with the resulting action, will bring with it splendid results, richly human, wide, deep, and absolutely all to the good. We shall love our land as we have never loved it, and this love of our land will promote, to a degree as yet, I think, quite unrealised, our love for one another. The fact that the nationalisation of the land, though in itself apparently dealing only with an economic question, would deal at the same time with other and very different questions—it is this which gives it for me its peculiar importance and interest. But still the mere nationalisation of the land, the mere transference of it from private to public ownership, is of itself technically only an economic question, and does not, as such, touch what is ethical.

The land, we will suppose, belongs to the people; this is to-day the best, the most scientific method of dealing with it on the economic side. Belonging to the people, it must be used in the interests of the whole community and of every individual member of it; this is the best, the most scientific method of dealing with it on the ethical side. And this is the side which we have now to consider.

What guarantee, it may fairly be asked, have we that the nationalisation of the land would be followed by its administration in the interests of *all*? What is there to prevent a powerful and selfish portion of the community from using it in their own interests and neglecting the interests

of all? And if this were the result, what would have been gained by this economic revolution? Nay, is it not possible that more would have been lost than gained?

If there was ever a shadow of doubt in my mind that what is in this case economically scientific would be accompanied by what is ethically scientific also, I should not have the slightest interest in the question, for I should not believe that it would be of the slightest service to the nation. But I have no doubt.

Many reasons contribute to this certainty, but there is one that is sufficient by itself: I have already stated my grounds for believing that, under certain conditions, the time is near when fellowship and love will prevail among us. It is, I think, difficult to imagine any single material change which would go so far towards satisfying these conditions as would this gift of the land to the people who live on it. I believe that the mere fact of the nation's consciousness that the land on which the people live was to belong to the people would give an immense impulse to the sense of solidarity, fellowship, love that exists among us to-day. It would of itself be a revolution. It would, I believe, impel us all irresistibly towards starting such an administration of the nation's land as would benefit every member of the community. That is, the economic and the ethical would, in this case, be indistinguishable. And this impulse once obeyed, this start once made, there would be no going back upon it. There would be nothing but an irresistible, joyous, unanimous going forward. This thing once started, the

revolution in the lives of the people would be so wide and so deep that it would be impossible to anticipate the results with any approach to completeness. They are inexpressibly vast, and I cannot, of course, attempt even an enumeration of them here. I will simply say that I believe they would profoundly affect the whole nation — physically, mentally, morally, æsthetically, spiritually. In all these regions the result would be to increase indescribably the *health* of the nation. If we let our thoughts dwell carefully upon the conditions—not physical merely—under which the great majority of the people live now and those under which they would live then, is it possible for us to estimate all that might happen?

CHAPTER XII

OUR LIVES TO-MORROW

AS an illustration of the nationalisation of the means of production I limit myself to the single instance of the land. This accomplished, there would, I am sure, be no doubt that all the other benefits accompanying the putting into action of the principles of Socialism would soon follow. For, as I have already said, the question of the nationalisation of the land goes deep and goes far, and if we can agree upon this, we are not likely to disagree upon any other practical applications of those principles.

But on the double assumption that all those things that should rightfully belong to the people do belong to them and are administered for the benefit of all, is it possible for me to put down in a few words something clear and definite as to the kind of lives that we should be living under these conditions? I think so. Here too a single instance will suffice, fundamentally affecting as it does the whole life of the community. In this socialised nation, who are to do the necessary work of the community, and under what conditions are they to do it? The answer, in so far as it can be given in a few words, is this:

All persons not specially incapacitated, and within certain prescribed ages, would take their

share in the necessary work of the community. That is, there would be no idlers. It is clear that, since all would work, and work at something of use to the community, the hours of labour would be comparatively few, and a considerable portion of each day would remain to be dealt with as each one might desire. For the performance of his share of the common work of the community, each person would receive such payment as would be sufficient to enable him to satisfy all reasonable requirements of a human life—he would receive a living wage. Whatever further sum might remain in the hands of the community after the payment to each individual of what was due to him for work done—and after making due provision for all persons who for any reason were doing no such work—would be available for such purposes as seemed most likely to promote the best interests of the whole community.

One point must be made clear beyond any possibility of misconception. In this system of Socialism the great aim would be to give all possible scope to the development of individuality in each individual, and (in so far as this could be done consistently with the general welfare of the whole) all arrangements would be made with this end in view. Individuality, variety, liberty—under the present system of commercial and industrial war these great things are being crushed out more and more every year. For their encouragement and the joy of life that goes with them, we must look to the time when this dehumanising process of material competition shall have given way to that process which contains within it the

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possibility of untold growth and achievement both for the whole community and for every single individual in it—the process of co-operation, of associated work and effort, of social service for all, and individual development, leisure, and enterprise for each, *with equality of opportunity all round.*

There is nothing more interesting (and, I may add, more simple) than the detailing of constructive, practical particulars in the elaboration of such a scheme. But this is, of course, impossible here. Enough has, I hope, been said to explain the framework of the scheme. I will add one concluding remark about it: It is not, for me, either as a whole or in any of its details, in the very smallest degree what is called Utopian. It could, if we were so minded, be started at once and be carried through in all its particulars with little delay and with the heartiest approval of the immense majority of the whole nation.

There is something else to be added in this connexion. The two great ideas—that there should be no idlers and that the land should belong to the people—are closely connected. It would be impossible to provide work for all under any other condition excepting that the land should belong to the people who live upon it. In the days to come when England is socialised, I believe that not only will a greatly increased number of people be working on the land as their daily occupation, but that a large portion of them will employ their leisure time in the same way. The productiveness of the soil will be increased unimaginably, and this of itself will be a great

national gain. But only those who know at first hand a good deal about the land and are fond of it can have the smallest notion what a blessing it will be to the people in all sorts of ways to have this free access to the soil, and to realise at the same time that it is theirs.

It is impossible to place any limits to the beneficial effects of the nationalisation of the land, along with the custom that all worked for their living. I believe, for example, that it would give an immense impulse to the putting into practice of an idea that will one day prevail completely—that it is not good for a human creature to eat the flesh of any other creature. The time is ripe for this as for much else, and it will be greatly hastened by the fact that people will soon be living much more in the open air and cultivating the soil with their own hands, and living much more largely than they do now upon the fruits of the soil. Earn your own living by doing some work useful to the community; spend a good deal of your leisure hours in the open air; live mainly (entirely, if possible) on the fruits of the earth, and not at all upon the flesh of any animal; and do all this in a socialised community; and many of the ills that now devitalise and dehumanise us will disappear, and we shall at last be free.

CHAPTER XIII

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

I N my treatment of these national problems I have referred to our own country only, but our aim being what it is—the hastening of love's supremacy—to stop there would be impossible.

I have stated my belief that the time is ripe for the coming of the reign of love, but I could never have held this belief if I had not believed that the time was ripe also for the nations of the world to agree among themselves that war and the anticipation of war should cease. We know quite well the sort of remarks that may be made about such a belief, and I will spend no time in reproducing them. I will simply state the case as it presents itself to me, and will leave the reader to decide whether my belief is not, after all, reasonable.

Things as they are now are becoming desperate, and the peoples of the earth, and the statesmen also, are feeling this and giving expression to it. The leading nations of the world are spending about half their available incomes upon armaments, and most of them are getting more and more deeply into debt in consequence, and imposing heavier and heavier burdens upon themselves. Social reforms that are long overdue are being indefinitely deferred and cruelly restricted

owing to this expenditure, and all this is being felt more and more keenly. These facts are patent, easily voiced and understood, and they have therefore a value of their own.

They are usually linked with something else of a different kind. The engines of destruction are becoming year by year more and more terribly perfected, and the minds of men revolt in horror from the contemplation of the pictures of wholesale destruction, torturing and mangling of human beings that would be experienced in any future war between any nations duly equipped for it.

These two facts furnish, I think, the main basis of arguments in the Press and on platforms in favour of the abolition of war, and they are of great value. They are indisputably true, they stare us in the face, and in one way or another they appeal to every member of the community. But by themselves they are not enough.

If they stood alone, I could not have stated that I believed the time was ripe for the nations of the world to come to an agreement that wars should cease. But they do not stand alone. There is something much more powerful than the anticipation of impending bankruptcy and the horrors of war. The realisation of this makes it more unlikely that nations should fly at one another, but it does not make it impossible. There is, however, something of another kind which will make it impossible.

Almost imperceptibly there has, for at least half a century, been silently working among the peoples of one large portion of the human race, inhabiting widely separated portions of the globe,

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a process which has already rendered war among themselves an impossibility.

In the last quarter of the eighteenth century we made war upon a colony rather than give up a tax. To-day not only would it be impossible for war to arise between ourselves and any of our colonies, however serious might be our differences, but it is, I believe, equally impossible between ourselves and the United States. And this has little or nothing to do with formal and informal treaties, or common material and commercial interests, or anything of the kind. It is largely a question of kinship, partly—but not wholly—in the narrow sense. For we have got beyond this. There enters into it another element which has already begun to show itself in a wider range. To take one instance only: Is it not almost, if not quite, impossible that there should ever again be war between England and France? Why? The answer is not quite simple, but I believe the one great, fundamental, compelling reason, without the existence of which the minor ones would be unavailing, is an ever-increasing feeling of the impiety of the thing, just as it is in our thoughts about the United States. Common interests, fear, horror—these feelings and such as these help, but alone they would be powerless to render the outbreak of war impossible. There is between the people of England and the people of France an ever-increasing feeling of friendliness and affection, and this it is that, in addition to the minor deterrents, is rendering it impossible that we should again make war upon one another.

But, after all, we are not so much concerned

with the explanation of the causes (about which there will be sure to be differences of opinion), as with the result. And the result is this: Between some of the nations of the world war is already an impossibility; between others it is almost impossible, and every year it is becoming less and less possible. And among all nations war is, for one reason or another, being more and more regarded in a totally different spirit from that which prevailed even a few years ago; and this new spirit is growing at an ever-increasing pace, and for all sorts of reasons representative of all sorts of people. War, we are told, is silly, wicked, wasteful, useless, cruel, it is a mere anachronism, out of date, utterly unsuited to the twentieth century—and so on. But the result, however arrived at, is as stated: War is already impossible among some nations, and is on the way to become impossible among all. In other words, the time is now ripe for discussing with seriousness and hopefulness terms of agreement among the nations for rendering war impossible.

What should these terms be? Feeling as I do about the whole thing, I have no right to take refuge in the reply that the settlement of the terms must be left for the statesmen representing the various nations. For the proposals that I have in my mind are based upon, derive for me their reasonableness from, the facts stated above, and all of them culminating in the one great fact that the time is now ripe.

The situation, we may suppose, is somewhat as follows: The nations of the world have met at an international conference summoned by those

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nations who feel most strongly on the subject, some of whom have already put their feelings into practice to the extent of having rendered it impossible that there should ever again be war among them. This fact greatly strengthens their position when they bring forward proposals designed to make war impossible universally. Their proposals are as follows: The settlement of all international differences shall be referred to a standing international board of arbitration in the first instance, and on this board questions shall be decided by a bare majority of votes. If, however, any of the disputants should object to the decision, the matter in question shall be brought before the international conference, and its decision shall be final and binding upon all parties concerned.

I will take what I think would generally be allowed to be the most difficult and delicate of all the subjects likely to be brought before the board of arbitration and the international conference. I refer to the question of preserving or not preserving the *status quo*, especially in the matter of the occupation or possession of various parts of the world by alien races. I will simply state that, taking for granted the present opinions and practices of the nations of the world, and the steadily growing feeling and practice in favour of international arbitration, I believe the time has now arrived when this admittedly thorny subject could be treated finally and satisfactorily to all parties concerned by international arbitration constituted and protected in some such manner as explained above.

I have one other suggestion to make. I suggest that England and the United States should take the lead in this matter, and without delay invite all the nations of the world to a preliminary conference, to discuss the means that should be adopted to make the outbreak of war impossible in the future. I believe that if such an appeal were made the nations would consent to meet, and that the result of their meeting would be to make war hereafter impossible. This being so, the responsibility laid upon England if for any reason she lingers and hesitates to take this step is truly terrible. In the history of the world nothing so immediately and immensely conducive to the welfare and progress of humanity has been done as would be done by the nation or nations who did this. Is it not possible to induce England to take this matter in hand now, at once, not as a political but as a national concern, with the fixed determination not to stop until the final purpose is attained, and war and the anticipation of war belong only to the past? This done, the nations of the world will at last breathe freely, and the atmosphere which they will inhale will at last be the atmosphere of love. This is the simple truth, and the more we think about it the deeper will be our conviction about it, and the greater, therefore, our desire to do what can be done to bring it about.

Such are some of the examples of things to be *done*, whether they touch our own individual affairs or national and international affairs, the putting into action our thoughts, words, and speculations, the endeavour to realise our ideals. I

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will make one remark upon all this: In the process of carrying out some of these reforms it may be impossible to avoid antagonisms, to start with. But we must remember that, our immediate and final aim being always the increase of fellowship and love among us, we shall be successful in the achievement of this aim according as we are successful in preventing the manufacture of poison in the process. And we shall make the whole thing sweet and healthy and human just in proportion as we remember our final aim and seek to attain it.

I will end with a practical suggestion. In many of the subjects we have been considering, and in the special proposals made to deal with them, there has necessarily been introduced much that is contentious, much that may tend to separate us. Are there none of these subjects the consideration of which ought to help to *unite* us? There are certainly two, and it happens that these two are the most important of all.

First, we are all agreed that all members of the community willing and able to work should receive such reward for their work as shall enable them to satisfy the requirements of a human life—we all believe in a living wage. I suggest that on this object we should unite, and consider the best means for accomplishing it. If we once realise that we are agreed as to the object, may we not hope that it will not be long before we are agreed as to the best means for accomplishing it?

Secondly, we are all at one in our desire to cultivate international amity and to do all that can be done to render war an impossibility, in

the future. Can we not unite as members of the nation, and not of this or that political party, in the endeavour to achieve this great end?

If in a united endeavour to realise these two objects we could at the same time cultivate a free and friendly intercourse with our fellows generally, irrespective of class, calling, or money, all that is greatest and best and most human in our natures would at last have a chance, and we should have what we cannot have now—we should have national happiness.

Is it too much to hope for such a unity of endeavour and such a unity of spirit?

CHAPTER XIV

HOPES AND FEARS

I HAVE stated my belief that the time is now ripe for the prevalence of love, and that under certain conditions it might prevail shortly.

Are these conditions likely to be satisfied?

For our purpose, the question divides itself into two parts: What are to-day the tendencies favourable and unfavourable to the prevalence of love? And what is the result of a balancing of these?

The present situation is a very strange one. On the one hand, the whole commercial and industrial system is antagonistic to the prevalence of love. For it is founded upon the most inhuman and internecine competition that the world has ever known. And this competition is becoming fiercer and more debasing every year. The further we look into it, the more intimate the knowledge we gain of it from those who suffer from it, the worse, the more vulgarising and dehumanising do we find its effects to be. No other conclusion but this is possible, and the sooner it is recognised the better for us all.

On the other hand, there is to be seen a movement absolutely opposed to all this. The whole tendency of the evolution of mankind is in the direction of an ever-increasing growth of those

human qualities that culminate in the supreme quality of love.

If this is a true account of the situation, the answers to the questions put above are greatly simplified, for they will depend mainly upon the result of a comparison of the relative strengths of these two forces that stand opposing one another.

There is a noble competition and an ignoble one, varying, of course, according to the quality of the aims pursued. Now the aim of that form of competition which curses England to-day is one of the most ignoble conceivable—the getting of money, the main use of which is the getting of more material comfort and self-indulgence. It is the incarnation of selfishness. And being this, it is the opponent of all human progress, and were it to go on existing as at present, it could result in nothing less than the dehumanising of humanity, not merely the stopping of all progress, but the inevitable setting up of retrogression.

But let me make one point clear: I am concerned just now solely with the *system* upon which modern society largely rests, and not with the human beings who suffer from it. And of this system I say that it is the great curse and blight of England to-day, and is antagonistic at every point to true progress and the prevalence among us of love. There are, of course, other tendencies more or less antagonistic to the prevalence of love, but I believe that the disappearance of this dehumanising system would be so revolutionary in its effects, the nobler elements in human nature would be left so free to assert themselves, the vitality of what is greatest and noblest in human

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nature would be so immeasurably increased, that meaner tendencies would have no chance, there would be no life left in them, there would no longer be any use for them; disused, neglected, atrophied, they would soon cease to be.

So much, then, on the one side, for that which is antagonistic to the prevalence of love—so much for the system.

Now for the other side. At once we are in another atmosphere. We have left the system that is devitalising and dehumanising us, and we have to deal with life itself and with human beings. And as soon as we deal with these we deal with hope and confidence and fearlessness and joy. For there is nothing for me more certain than that the history of the evolution of man proves his growth in all those great human qualities culminating in the immeasurably great quality of love.

There stand, then, facing one another to-day these two opposing forces such as I have described them. Which is to be victorious? The answer is certain. The two forces hardly indeed admit of comparison. In the first place, we are already beginning to be heartily sick of the competitive system. No one who has gained information from a large number of persons engaged in the competitive struggle in all sorts of different callings will doubt this. Further, the competitive system is in reality half dead already. It exists on the negation of what is strongest, most persistent, and most vital in man—nay, more than this, upon a negation of man himself, because upon a negation of his nature. “We are born,” said the Emperor Stoic, “for co-operation.” We are born,

that is, for the exact opposite of this dehumanising competition. This is our nature, this is *human* nature. This it is that has been asserting itself through the ages, and this, give it but due encouragement, will go on asserting itself with ever-increasing force. My belief in the establishment of co-operation among us rests almost wholly upon my belief in the greatness of human nature such as we have known it in the greatest human beings of the past and of to-day. I believe in the greatness of man's destiny only because I believe in the greatness of man's nature.

Opposite to the place where I sat for some years in a school chapel there was a representation of Christ walking upon the waters, with the words below, "Ego Sum, Nolite Timere." It is because there has lived upon the earth not only this supreme Son of Man, but because there have lived there countless millions of other sons of men, many of them immeasurably great, many more with greatness, and all with great possibilities in them, and because such are still living there to-day; it is, in other words, because of the greatness of human nature that I look with such confidence into the future, that I have no fear but that men will one day have tossed clean away from them everything that enslaves them, enslaves their natures, and will stand at last free—free to love one another. This is the ground of my confidence in man's future, this and only this. If, after being oppressed by the dead weight of all the evil things that have through unknown ages been hindering men from loving one another, they were liberated at last, are there any limits

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to what they might then become? It is because I believe that, human nature being at last free to develop itself, the upward movement in all that is humanly greatest would thus be limitless—it is because of this that I am not afraid.

But optimism regarding the future is possible for me on one condition only. As I believe that the time is ripe for the victory of love, so do I believe that it is ripe also for putting into practice our social ideals. Mere words, talk, discussion on such subjects, apart from the corresponding deeds, may be positively mischievous—for they may come to satisfy us and thus to usurp the place of deeds. There has never been a time when speech—speech direct, clear, honest, fearless—has been more necessary for human welfare than it is to-day. We cannot have too much of it, whether written or spoken, on one condition—that it is closely related to life and to deeds, definite things to be undertaken and done.

Optimism, then, is possible for me solely on the condition that we do our utmost to realise our social ideals. But the realisation of social ideals implies something more than doing; it implies also being. Just in proportion to the spirit that we put into our deeds, just in proportion to what we are, will be our success. What, then, should we try to be? We should try to be kind and honest. However commonplace this sounds, I believe the more we think about it the surer we shall be that, if we do what we can to practise kindness and honesty (including in this honesty to *ourselves*), the rest will, in due course and according to our characters and capacities,

follow. We can all of us be kind to one another—of that there is no doubt—and the practice of kindness leads in most cases to affection and love on both sides—and is there any greater gift to mankind than this? The practice of honesty is a different, a less simple matter. But I absolutely believe that, if it includes honesty to ourselves, it is, in its way, no less vital. For honesty to ourselves means the looking into ourselves with open minds; and I believe that just in proportion to the success, the completeness with which we do this shall we be successful in our own development, in reaching reality, and in our capacity to render service to the world.

I sometimes meet with people who regard the idea of universal brotherhood, universal love, as hopelessly impracticable, excepting possibly in some distant and indefinitely deferred future. I never met with anyone who regards kindness in this way. Kindness is, I think, regarded by almost everyone as not only not impracticable, but as something not to be surprised at, something to be looked for and natural in an ordinary normal human being. May we not use some such words about honesty? So, then, to be kind and honest is what we can all agree to accept as a reasonable standard of human endeavour; and to aim at this is, therefore, to aim at something more or less within the reach of us all.

To have arrived at this point of agreement is to have arrived at something of infinite hope for the future. For it is my complete conviction that if it was our constant aim to be kind and honest, and if we were as members of a community con-

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scious that this was our aim, one result at least would follow. Fellowship and love would soon take up their abode with us. We should at last be at peace with ourselves and with the world; for we should at last be on the road that leads to the love of *all*—and this is the only road worth traveling on.

I have come to an end of what I have to say now in furtherance of my purpose. That purpose is, as already stated, the increasing among us of individual and social love and the hastening of the day of its final victory.

We have now arrived at a moment in our national history and in the history of the world when it is quite useless to attempt to do any great work, or to expect to have any great joy, unless the foundation of it all is fellowship and love. The longer I live, the more I see, hear, read and think, the more certain I am of this.

THE END

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